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Railway Union Leaders Would Compel United States to Operate Lines by Receiverships.

Comprehensive.
Refusal to Consent to Arbitration to Result in Appeal to Courts.
TO WIN WAGE DEMANDS.
POSITION OF UNIONS.
CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Aug. 4.—The position of the railway union leaders is becoming more and more uncompromising. They are determined to win their wage demands, and if they are not successful, they will appeal to the courts. The union leaders are determined to win their wage demands, and if they are not successful, they will appeal to the courts. The union leaders are determined to win their wage demands, and if they are not successful, they will appeal to the courts.

RECEIVING END NOW IN SIGHT.
Order Received at Seattle to Stop Forming New Companies.
CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Aug. 4.—The receiving end of the new companies is now in sight. The order received at Seattle to stop forming new companies is now in sight. The order received at Seattle to stop forming new companies is now in sight. The order received at Seattle to stop forming new companies is now in sight.

WILSON'S LOSS HUGHES'S GAIN.
G.O.P. Candidate's Utterance on Suffrage Weighed.
Different Conclusions are Drawn by Leaders.
States Where Women Vote Conceded Republican.
WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Aug. 4.—The loss of Wilson and the gain of Hughes is being weighed by the G.O.P. candidate's utterance on suffrage. Different conclusions are being drawn by the leaders. The states where women vote are conceded to the Republican.

DEMOCRATIC ROW SPLITS COMMITTEE.
WILSON POLITICAL FORTUNES MAY BE AFFECTED.
Majority of National Leaders Angry with Chairman.
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Aug. 4.—The Democratic row is splitting the committee. Wilson's political fortunes may be affected. The majority of national leaders are angry with the chairman.

LEWIS'S TAVERN TONIGHT.
Beefsteak Dinner \$1.00 6:30 to 9:30
-- back East Excursions
Reduced round trip fares to Chicago... \$72.50 New York \$110.70 Kansas City 60.00 Omaha... 60.00 Boston... 112.70 St. Louis... 70.00
—and other points east or south.
Tickets are first class and will be honored on the famous "California Limited."
Also good on any of the three other Santa Fe back East trains.
These fares are in effect certain days during August and on September 7-8-12-13.
Call or write for leaflet— "Santa Fe Back East Excursions."
E. W. McGee, Gen'l. Agt. 334 South Spring Street. Phone service day or night 60941—Main 738 Santa Fe Station A5130—Main 8225

GERMANS BOMB LEMNOS; BRITISH RAID GHENT.
PRICE OF SUGAR IS QUOTED LOWER.
GERMANS DEPORT ANTWERP BANKER.
THE HAGUE (via London) Aug. 4.—It is reported here that M. Carter, governor of the National Bank of Antwerp, has been deported to Germany for not having declared an amount of gold in the vaults of the bank, which the Germans now have seized.

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Eastern Tennis Players Win Every Match from Western Representatives at Forest Hills

EAST MAKES CLEAN SWEEP.

R. Norris Williams II Downs Willie Johnston.

R. Lindley Murray is Forced to Default.

Carl Behr Beats W. E. Davis in Four Sets.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

FOREST HILLS (L. I.) Aug. 4.—Eastern tennis players won all matches here this afternoon against their western opponents in the first half of the second annual East vs. West play. The afternoon was devoted entirely to singles and the majority of the first ranking players of the country participated. Three matches were won decisively and the fourth was defaulted in the middle of the fifth and deciding set.

The feature of the play was the defeat of William M. Johnston, national singles champion of San Francisco, by R. Norris Williams II of Philadelphia in a grueling five-set match, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4, 7-5. George M. Church, the former Princeton player, won from Clarence J. Griffin of San Francisco, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Watson M. Washburn of New York won from Robert L. Murray of San Francisco, 1-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2, defaulted, and Carl H. Behr of New York completed the victory by defeating Willie E. Davis, the western representative, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1.

The Williams-Johnston match held the gallery of more than 2000 spectators entranced for more than two hours. Neither player was at his best, but they proved evenly matched and fought a court battle that ran the tennis gamut from brilliant and spectacular to mediocre play.

At the beginning the champion appeared to be in better physical form than Williams, but he did not hold his service as well as his opponent in the long contest, which was not finished until almost dark. Williams played his usual erratic

CLOSE CALL FOR DRIVERS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

COLORADO SPRINGS (Colo.) Aug. 4.—Ralph Mulford and A. H. Patterson, famous automobile racers, entered in the Penrose cup races on Pike's Peak next week, escaped death this morning by a few inches when the right front wheel of the monster car in which they were making a trial trip over the course flew off. The car was making seventy-five miles an hour at the time. It skidded along the course for a few hundred feet and finally crashed into a boulder. Neither Mulford nor Patterson was seriously injured. The boulder saved the racers from plunging 2000 feet to their death.

same, netting and outing the ball at times like a novice, and then taking the lead with marvelous side-line shots and backhand cross-court strokes that left the champion flustered. There was little to choose in the court play of the two experts when the match is considered as a whole, both netting and double-faulting at times like novices. Williams' winning advantage lay in his service and superiority of placement.

The sensational feature of the matches was the defaulting of R. L. Murray to Watson M. Washburn after a hard four-set match had been played. Murray was suffering from a lack of sleep, due to an all-night vigil at the bedside of his wife, who is ill of pneumonia poisoning. He played under protest, having offered the default earlier in the day. In the fifth set, with the games two all and the score thirty love against him, he became so weak that Robert D. Wren, former president of the tennis association, insisted that he stop. He finally consented, after examination by a physician showed that he was suffering from physical exhaustion and temporary dilation of the heart. Later it was reported that he had fully recovered from the effects of the hard play in the heavy, humid atmosphere which prevailed.

WHITE SOX HOLD LEAD.

Split Double-header While the Red Sox Lose.

Beat the Great Walter Johnson in First Game.

Browns Beat Red Sox; Make it Fourteen.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—Harry Harper broke Chicago's winning streak today when he held the local safe, while C. Williams, Benz and Russell were wild and ineffective. Washington winning the second game of the double-header, 5 to 3. Chicago won the first game, 3 to 2. It being the ninth straight victory. The scores:

First game: WASHINGTON, 5; CHICAGO, 3.

Second game: WASHINGTON, 5; CHICAGO, 3.

Summary: Errors—Miles, Weaver, Becken, Nix, Schall, Miller, 1; Williams, 1; Benz, 1; Russell, 1; Patterson, 1; Griffin, 1; Murray, 1; Church, 1; Washburn, 1; Behr, 1; Davis, 1.

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CHIEF NOW FREE INDIAN.

Chief Johnson, one of the Vernon club's star pitchers, is now a free Indian. The Chief was temporarily "pinned" yesterday because of alleged failure to send wampum each month to his squaw and a number of paposes in Nebraska. The Chief was taken in yesterday by Sheriff Pat Dorsey, who traveled all the way here from Pender, Neb., with the warrant.

Following a pow-wow with Sheriff Cline, it was decided not to take Johnson back. A compromise was reached by which the Chief will each month send a certain amount to his family. As it was the money instead of the Chief that the family needed, this proved satisfactory to all concerned. Johnson will be released to his wife and kids \$75 a month. He says that he asked the management of the club to attend to this matter, and supposed that the money was being forwarded. Just an oversight.

DODGERS WIN SEVENTH. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) BROOKLYN (N. Y.) Aug. 4.—Brooklyn won the second game of the Pittsburgh series, 6 to 0. Johnston scored the first run when he singled, ran all the way to third on a double by Ben Smith, and scored on a throw from the pitcher. The game was over in the third inning.

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ANGELS TAKE FOUR STRAIGHT.

Risberg Bumps into First Baseman Beef Koerner.

Almost Starts a Riot, but Peace is Made.

Ball Game is Won in the First Inning.

(BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.)

All that was lacking was a pair of boxing gloves. The punch was there all right, but it never got started. The game started with a Los Angeles rally, and ended in a near-riot. Ruben Leggs Risberg and Beef Koerner as the central figures of the Los Angeles 4, Vernon 2. Also four straight.

In conformity with a recent policy, the Angels served up the game in the first with a three-run assault. To make sure that it wouldn't unravel, they placed another at-bat in the first inning.

This put the score 4-2, and the Hampas, up for their last helping, made a strong bid. Hits by Daley and Gleichmann, and a sacrifice, placed runners on second and third with two out. This meant that a single, a serious error, and especially a ball that got by the first baseman, would result in a tied score. Risberg was up. He drove an easy ground ball to the pitcher, who threw him out by at least ten feet. Risberg crashed into Koerner in crossing. The collision appeared in the newspaper as a long-suffering person, considered too much of a gentleman to start a riot, but he was not. He was in the back of the line.

Risberg hurried back, explaining that the hit was unintentional. Beef didn't believe it, and drew back a massive fist. Before he could let it fly, Vernie Doyle grabbed his arm. Five jumps carried him to the bench from the scene of the riot. Hunk was out to act as a peacemaker, but Billy Rouse, making his intentions, blocked Chance.

Fifty hundred fans rushed onto the field, and surrounded the men. A dozen players, carrying bats, forced their way to the center, while a number of fans, carrying bats, forced their way to the center, while a number of fans, carrying bats, forced their way to the center.

The final round of the men's doubles, which had been broken, might have resulted seriously to some of the concerned, was narrowly averted. With Koerner and Risberg separated, hundreds of fans massed in front of the Vernon pit. Patterson disappeared through the tunnel, and the crowd dissolved.

Los Angeles has suffered enough from the "hot" stuff in the past couple of months. Yesterday's affair was not an isolated incident. The umpire cannot do less than a shame that he should mistake action in case it is ignored. It is not a question of individuals, but of the league.

Koerner is a quiet, unobtrusive ball player, who believes in minding his own business. He says little and does much. He has picked him out as a special target, which shows lack of judgment. He was not to be a quiet guy. Slow to anger, they generally can go some when sufficiently provoked.

WORST ENEMY. Risberg, without realizing it, is his own worst enemy, or poorly advised. He has a reputation for being a hot head, and he is. He is naturally a player of exceptional brilliance and promise. All that he has accomplished is to hurt his own work. He has reached a point where he has not given him the benefit of a doubt. To the writer's way of thinking he is one of the best ball players in America, and when nobody thought the trouble was his, he should be permitted to blight his own career. It is not yet too late for him to wake up and realize that he is a hot head, and take a new start.

The game started placidly, and two were out before Koerner slammed one of Decanniere's deceivers for a single. Koerner hit one down at first base, but did not get to do any running, the next man popping. Phyllis stated that he had reported Vernie's case to the league president.

Decanniere hit Galloway in the ninth. Boles sacrificed. Murphy reached first on a drive to Bates, because the latter paused to scare Galloway back to second. Butler sacrificed. Zabel was safe at first on a combined bat and juggle by Callahan, Jim scoring. A pass ball reached the base and enabled Zabel to reach second. Then came the final unpleasantness. The score: LOS ANGELES, 4; VERNON, 2.

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MACCE AND SINSABAUGH REACH TENNIS FINALS.

Veteran of the Courts Continues His Slashing, Sensational Game, Going Through Harvey Snodgrass with Exquisite Ease—Duncan Falls Before Mace—Finals in Women's and Men's Tourneys Today.

(BY WILLIAM M. HENRY.)

OTEL VIRGINIA, Long Beach, Aug. 4.—Simpson Sinabough, the human thunderbolt, battered the tender young aspirations of Harvey Snodgrass into an unresisting pulp in two brief, but blistering, sets on the local courts today.

Baffling the youngster with his fifty-seven varieties of service and his lightning side-line shots, Sinabough drove down the side lines so swiftly that they fairly burned the asphalt court where they struck. Sinabough gave an exhibition of dazzling speed and sheer power, and the young Snodgrass was equalled on the beach courts.

Some kind of friend had told Snodgrass that his only hope lay in driving the ball into the net. But Willie Johnston's drive in that first set would not have bothered the veteran. Time and again Snodgrass drove aizing shots to the deep corners of Sinabough's court only to have the ball come roaring past him down the sidelines, where he could only see the smoke of his own sweat.

CINCHED. Sinabough really cinched the match in the first set, which he took in 6-2. Although Snodgrass carried the second set to 4-3, he knew that whenever Sinabough made up his mind to smash, he might drive the ball into the net. Sinabough opened her up and brushed through Snodgrass as though he were a piece of paper. Sinabough won the final game with little trouble.

In the semi-final, Wynne Mace, who needed only to beat Sinabough tomorrow to win permanent possession of the Cawston challenge cup, carried too many guns for Jack Duncan and beat him in straight sets though they were two of the hardest-fought sets of the tournament.

The Mace-Duncan affair was not so sensational as the other semi-final, being a battle of endurance and wit rather than of speed. Mace and Duncan had their respective toughies handied out at the end of the third game and as the sets went on the older man wilted and was beaten.

This match was certainly a lesson in exquisite technique, the two players driving, slicing, lobbing, volleying and displaying every variety of stroke in its best form.

The final round of the men's doubles, which had been broken, might have resulted seriously to some of the concerned, was narrowly averted. With Koerner and Risberg separated, hundreds of fans massed in front of the Vernon pit. Patterson disappeared through the tunnel, and the crowd dissolved.

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OTEL VIRGINIA, Long Beach, Aug. 4.—Simpson Sinabough, the human thunderbolt, battered the tender young aspirations of Harvey Snodgrass into an unresisting pulp in two brief, but blistering, sets on the local courts today.

Baffling the youngster with his fifty-seven varieties of service and his lightning side-line shots, Sinabough drove down the side lines so swiftly that they fairly burned the asphalt court where they struck. Sinabough gave an exhibition of dazzling speed and sheer power, and the young Snodgrass was equalled on the beach courts.

Some kind of friend had told Snodgrass that his only hope lay in driving the ball into the net. But Willie Johnston's drive in that first set would not have bothered the veteran. Time and again Snodgrass drove aizing shots to the deep corners of Sinabough's court only to have the ball come roaring past him down the sidelines, where he could only see the smoke of his own sweat.

CINCHED. Sinabough really cinched the match in the first set, which he took in 6-2. Although Snodgrass carried the second set to 4-3, he knew that whenever Sinabough made up his mind to smash, he might drive the ball into the net. Sinabough opened her up and brushed through Snodgrass as though he were a piece of paper. Sinabough won the final game with little trouble.

In the semi-final, Wynne Mace, who needed only to beat Sinabough tomorrow to win permanent possession of the Cawston challenge cup, carried too many guns for Jack Duncan and beat him in straight sets though they were two of the hardest-fought sets of the tournament.

The Mace-Duncan affair was not so sensational as the other semi-final, being a battle of endurance and wit rather than of speed. Mace and Duncan had their respective toughies handied out at the end of the third game and as the sets went on the older man wilted and was beaten.

This match was certainly a lesson in exquisite technique, the two players driving, slicing, lobbing, volleying and displaying every variety of stroke in its best form.

The final round of the men's doubles, which had been broken, might have resulted seriously to some of the concerned, was narrowly averted. With Koerner and Risberg separated, hundreds of fans massed in front of the Vernon pit. Patterson disappeared through the tunnel, and the crowd dissolved.

Los Angeles has suffered enough from the "hot" stuff in the past couple of months. Yesterday's affair was not an isolated incident. The umpire cannot do less than a shame that he should mistake action in case it is ignored. It is not a question of individuals, but of the league.

Koerner is a quiet, unobtrusive ball player, who believes in minding his own business. He says little and does much. He has picked him out as a special target, which shows lack of judgment. He was not to be a quiet guy. Slow to anger, they generally can go some when sufficiently provoked.

WORST ENEMY. Risberg, without realizing it, is his own worst enemy, or poorly advised. He has a reputation for being a hot head, and he is. He is naturally a player of exceptional brilliance and promise. All that he has accomplished is to hurt his own work. He has reached a point where he has not given him the benefit of a doubt. To the writer's way of thinking he is one of the best ball players in America, and when nobody thought the trouble was his, he should be permitted to blight his own career. It is not yet too late for him to wake up and realize that he is a hot head, and take a new start.

The game started placidly, and two were out before Koerner slammed one of Decanniere's deceivers for a single. Koerner hit one down at first base, but did not get to do any running, the next man popping. Phyllis stated that he had reported Vernie's case to the league president.

Decanniere hit Galloway in the ninth. Boles sacrificed. Murphy reached first on a drive to Bates, because the latter paused to scare

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The right edge of the page is dark, suggesting the binding or the edge of the book block.

XVTH YEAR.
 SUPREME
 No 10
 LAW CHECKMA
 OF JOHNS
 ter Cannot Au
 Governor; Vot

D. STEPHENS cannot automatically become Governor of California. Johnson cannot gather unto a force woven of the votes of negroes following, plus the superintending to make "initiative" to be made Lieutenant-Governor by the expected elevation of Stephens to the gubernatorial throne.

Other words, one of the smoothest of political sleight-of-hand maneuvers has no defect except it is impossible. A decision of the Supreme Court makes this a Lieutenant-Governor in California remains just that and no matter what happens to Governor. And there will be no question as to the vote for Governor for that position, the right is in the gift of the people.

With Mr. Stephens taken to Congress and made Lieutenant-Governor, the only way was to resign during the term for the Senate, presuming that Mr. Stephens would be Governor automatically, and Mr. Stephens would be Lieutenant-Governor, to fill the vacancy created by promotion. The only trouble was that the law gave to Johnson for Senate.

THE SAD TIDINGS.

Yesterday the bad news leaked out. W. M. Bowen, attorney, said that Mr. Stephens, a Republican, declared that he would resign during the term scheme:

Mr. Stephens cannot be Governor automatically, and Mr. Stephens can be made Lieutenant-Governor in that time unless Mr. Stephens resigns during the term.

and mileage as possible, and which cannot possibly draw a State more than \$100,000 a year salary. The Lieutenant-Governor's salary is \$10,000 a year. Mr. Stephens accepted the nomination as Lieutenant-Governor, and a representative of the State said you accept if you did not want you would become Governor. Mr. Stephens said "no," Mr. Stephens is Governor of California for 1890, a year salary. In this situation arose. Mr. Stephens said "I recalled a case in 1896. I recalled a case in 1896. When John S. Milard died and was appointed William T. Milard, the State of California was asked for a mandate to compel Governor Milard to resign. The election that fall, a call to office of Lieutenant-Gov-

L. B. Black
318-320-322 South
Shop Early in the
Store Closes at 1 P.
**"Bien Jolie" the
er Corset, \$2.5**
A Superb Sh
omen everywhere are enthusiast
actory Treco Mesh Corsets—Me

very flexible and thoroughly ventilated; either front or back laced for slender women and girls.

Sports Skirts
 Values to \$4.50—S

Cardi corduroy models in rose and green crepes and canvas weaves, 6 belts.

izes 12 to 16 years—almost half

Envelope Chem

These popular summer garments with dainty inset of Val lace inset with lace edging. Exceptional

Children's Dra

made with Val lace and embroidery
12 years.
wonder value at 25c pair.

Glace Kid Gloves;
Sizes; Vals. to \$1.75

There are just 71 pairs of fine gloves
left. If you'll have to hurry—one a
pair.

EDUCATOR WILL PREACH HERE.

Dr. Theodore Kemp is to fill Dr. Locke's pulpit.

He is President of Illinois Wesleyan University.

What's Going on in Religious Fields Hereabouts.

Churchgoing people in Los Angeles have the advantage of not only being able to hear some of the most able of America's pulpits, who are resident here, but each week there is presented the opportunity of listening to some of the ablest divines from other parts of the United States. Tomorrow they will have the opportunity of hearing a prominent educator and a well-known Methodist, Theodore Kemp, D.D., LL.D., president of the Illinois Wesleyan University, located at Bloomington, Ill.

Dr. Kemp arrived this week for a visit with the Rev. William H. Locke, D.D., president of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, who will be in the pulpit of Dr. Locke's church, the First Methodist Episcopal Church, while Dr. Locke is absent on his vacation at Catalina Island.

Tomorrow morning Dr. Kemp will preach on "The Sermon on the Mount," the subject of his recent book, "The Sermon on the Mount." Special musical programs will be rendered at each service.

Dr. Kemp several years ago was a student at the University of Southern California. He later graduated from De Paul University and studied theology at the Garrett Institute, Northwestern University. For fifteen years he was a pastor in the Illinois conference, and for the past eight years he has been president of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.
The anniversary of the fourteenth year of Rev. William H. Locke, D.D., pastor of the Vernon Avenue Congregational Church, will be celebrated by the church, which is well organized and active in all departments.

VACATION SERMON.
Dr. William Horace Day will preach his last sermon before his vacation tomorrow morning at the First Congregational Church. He has chosen for his subject, "When Christ Comes in the Morning." The sermon will be held tomorrow afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Dr. Day will leave early in the week for Astoria, where he is needed for a series of lectures before the Y.W.C.A. student conference. Following this, in company with a party of friends, he will go to the high Sierras, camping, climbing and enjoying the beauties of the mountains.

The party will travel through the Kings River valley to Lake and thence through Roaring River and Cloudy Canyon.

During Dr. Day's six weeks' absence his pulpit will be filled by several men of prominence. Rev. Vernon, pastor of the historic Harvard Church of Brookline, Mass., will occupy the pulpit for the remainder of August, and in September Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach will deliver a series of Sunday-evening sermons. Dr. Robert R. Merrill of Pasadena will preach on one Sunday morning, Dr. George F. Kennett will give an illustrated evening address, and Rev. Frederick P. Beach, whose presence in Los Angeles a year ago was a source of much delight and interest, will preach one Sunday morning, as he passes through the city on route to his missionary field in China after spending a year's furlough in this country.

FIRST SOLEMN MASS.
FATHER LUCY TO OFFICIATE.
At St. Vibiana's Cathedral, Main and Second streets, at 10:30 o'clock tomorrow morning Rev. Robert Emmet Lucy, who was recently ordained to the priesthood in Rome for service in the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, will celebrate his first solemn mass. Rev. John J. Lacey, brother of the priest, will be the celebrant. Rev. Edward E. Brady, pastor of St. John's, will be the celebrant, and Rev. Victor J. Quinn, pastor of St. Francis, will be the celebrant.

TELETYPE MEETING.
FOR NABARENE UNIVERSITY.
A platform meeting in the interior of the Nabarene University, located at Pasadena, will be held tomorrow night in the First Church of the Nazarene, Sixth and Wall streets. Dr. Robert Tyler Smith will have charge of the meeting, and W. J. Jones, musical director of the university, will sing.

Tomorrow morning Rev. C. E. Cornell will preach in this church on the subject of "Jesus Christ the Only Son of God." In the afternoon E. A. Gilvin will speak on "Miracles."

SERMON ON SUICIDE.
HEART EVER JUSTIFIABLE?
The alarming increase of suicide, especially among educated and talented people, is causing anxious concern among moralists and preachers, and the general subject is being seriously discussed. Rev. E. B. Light will discuss the execution of Sir Roger Casement in the pulpit of the Church of the People, announcing that he will speak tomorrow morning in Blanchard Hall on the question, "Is Suicide Ever Justifiable?" In a prelude, Mr. Light will discuss the execution of Sir Roger Casement.

TEMPLE BAPTIST.
DR. BRIGHTON TO SPEAK.
Dr. Len G. Brighton is to speak tomorrow morning in Temple Audi-



Dr. Theodore Kemp, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, who will preach in the First Methodist Church tomorrow.

torium, Fifth and Olive streets, on the subject of "The Sermon on the Mount." In the evening he will lecture in this auditorium on "The Sermon on the Mount."

Dr. Broughton has recently returned from England. For three years he was pastor of one of the most important churches in Great Britain, and in that church was very close to the war situation and officially connected with it. At the beginning, he was in close touch with its many phases from the British standpoint. He is also thoroughly acquainted with the American situation and in his lecture will draw certain lessons which are timely for America. He is certain to learn these lessons, whether for well or for ill.

In Dr. Broughton's London congregation were a number of officials of the English government, among them one of the King's private counsellors.

Dr. Broughton was given considerable publicity some time ago because of his campaign against high officials at Atlanta, Ga. The campaign resulted from the burning of a negro convent at Atlanta, and in that church was very close to the war situation and officially connected with it. At the beginning, he was in close touch with its many phases from the British standpoint. He is also thoroughly acquainted with the American situation and in his lecture will draw certain lessons which are timely for America. He is certain to learn these lessons, whether for well or for ill.

NEW PARISH HALL.
FOR HYDE PARK CATHOLIC.
The handsome parish hall for St. John's Catholic parish at Hyde Park is completed and the formal dedication will be held on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst. The people of the parish are arranging different programs for each night. There will be a musical program, the St. Ann's Boy Band of Santa Monica will play, and there will be addresses by prominent speakers.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM.
TOMORROW'S SPEAKERS.
The sermon tomorrow morning in the Trinity Auditorium will be by Rev. Robert C. Barton, executive secretary of the Moral Efficiency Committee of Los Angeles. His subject will be "The Moral Efficiency Campaign." At the evening service the sermon will be by Rev. L. J. Mitchell, who will speak on "The Moral Efficiency Campaign." At the evening service the sermon will be by Rev. L. J. Mitchell, who will speak on "The Moral Efficiency Campaign."

BIBLE INSTITUTE.
DR. GAEBELIN TO SPEAK.
Dr. Arno C. Gaebelin, who is said to be one of the keenest, most eloquent and most entertaining speakers on the American platform today, has come from New York and will speak for ten days in the Bible Institute Auditorium, beginning tomorrow.

His subject for the morning will be "The Holiness and Righteousness of God." At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he will speak on "The Waiting Heaven and the Waiting Earth," and his evening sermon will be on "The Measure of the Door."

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock he will give expository addresses on the subject of "The Two Foundations of Faith." In his addresses he will free the public and the public is invited.

WHERE TO GO.
CHURCH EVENTS TOMORROW.
"Peace in Action" will be the subject of a sermon tomorrow morning at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Temple and Oxford streets. His evening subject will be "Two-faced Religion."

give "A Picture Journey Through Acts," using lantern slides to illustrate his address.

Rev. J. M. Schaeffle will preach in the Pico Heights Congregational Church tomorrow morning on "The Glory of Service." There will be communion and reception of new members. In the evening Rev. W. F. Grieve will speak on "Religion and Morals Among the Chilean People." At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Grieve will preach in the Hyde Park Congregational Church.

"The Tree in the Midst of the Garden, or the Worth of Trial," will be the subject of Dr. W. E. Thilo tomorrow morning in the University Methodist Episcopal Church. His evening sermon will be on "The Ethics of Faith."

At the Hyde Memorial Congregational Church, Dittman street near Stephenson avenue, Rev. John H. Cooper will preach tomorrow morning on "The Demand for a Church Offensive." In the evening his theme will be "Tarnished Gold."

Rev. Jesse W. Ball will preach tomorrow morning in St. Mark's Church, Vermont avenue and Thirty-sixth place, on the influence of fear. There will be no evening service.

Rev. H. W. Kellogg will preach in the Highland Park Presbyterian Church tomorrow morning on "The Resurrection of the Dead." His evening sermon will be on "What Manner of Persons Ought to Be."

Rev. Daniel T. Thomas tomorrow morning in the Highland Park Presbyterian Church, Vermont avenue and Thirty-sixth place, on the influence of fear. There will be no evening service.

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the sermon theme of Dr. James A. Francis tomorrow morning in the First Baptist Church, No. 121 South Flower street. In the evening he will preach on "The Chief Thing for a Christian."

Rev. John Reid, D.D., will preach in Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Tenth and Figueroa streets, tomorrow morning. His subject will be "Life's Mysterious Battle Grounds: Secrets of Victory." There will be no evening service.

At Central Baptist Church, Alvarado and Pico streets, tomorrow morning Nathan Newby will speak on the subject of "California Dry." There will be communion and a communion service. Aubrey Burns will sing. In the evening Rev. Benjamin Goodfield will preach on "Ships that Sail the Sea," and Mrs. Fred Dicky will sing. The church is holding its Sunday evening meetings at 7:30 o'clock at Hotel Woodward, No. 421 West Eighth street. Edward S. Jerome of Cincinnati will be the speaker tomorrow evening.

Realism.
DREAM'S ENDING SAD.
Civil War Veteran, Former Champion Circus Jumper, Falls Asleep on a Bench, Vision Leap Over Menagerie, and Gashes Head.

Henry Fair, 74 years old, a Civil War veteran living at the Soldiers' Home, was completing a dream jump over sixteen elephants and fourteen camels yesterday, when he fell. When he awoke he found he had fallen from a bench at Washington and Main streets while waiting for a street car.

His self-reproach for having fallen asleep was acute. It had been his pride that he never yielded to that weakness common to old men. It was a rigorous practice that he never weakened from the time he arose in the morning until he retired at night. He had been waiting for the drowsy lure of the warm afternoons. And his record as a sentry during the Civil War was mentioned. He had been on watch without having slept. He served on the frigate Congress during the war. Later he was an acrobat and held the world's record in jumping, at one leap having cleared nine elephants and six camels. When he dropped to sleep yesterday he dreamed of his old exploits in the circus ring. He saw himself again in lights and spangles, making the greatest effort of his life to clear the ring. He was trying to jump farther than any man had ever jumped. And as he was in mid-air he fell.

In the fall his head was cut so severely he had to be taken to the Receiving Hospital for treatment.

After Many Scenes A NOW COMES DIVORCE.
NEXT AT IN TROUBLES OF THE KANTROWITZES.

Young Wife Files Suit for Separation—Domestic Strife and Tragedy Have Kept Two Generations of the Family Long in the Public Notice.

Another chapter in the remarkable domestic war of the Kantrowitz family was written yesterday when Attorney Max Rappaport, acting for Mrs. Rebecca Kantrowitz, filed suit for absolute divorce against Abraham Kantrowitz. The specific charge is desertion and non-support, although if it is necessary, Mr. Rappaport declares he is ready to include brutality.

At Abraham Kantrowitz has not been heard from for the last year, and as his mother, Mrs. Nathan Kantrowitz, has been unable to produce her son, the divorce case probably will not be contested. Immediately after the filing of the suit, Mr. Rappaport declared last night, he would institute suit against the Kantrowitz family to recover the \$100,000 which Mrs. Rebecca Kantrowitz's minor child, 14-month-old Harold Kantrowitz, is entitled to.

The troubles of the Kantrowitz family first came to light two years ago when Mrs. Rebecca Kantrowitz caused the arrest of her youthful husband on a white slave charge. The matter was dropped, but when Mrs. Kantrowitz disappeared, then damage suits started, with the young wife and her father, Benjamin Barman, on one side, and the Kantrowitz family on the other. Matters came to a temporary halt when the elder Nathan Kantrowitz was shot and killed by burglars who entered his home on Florence avenue, September 27, 1915. Trouble broke out afresh when the contending sides engaged in a pitched battle over the estate, but November suit followed suit. The divorce action filed yesterday being a climax.

THIEVES LEAVE GIFT.
Owner Finds Fine New Shotgun in Chicken Coop After Alarm.

It was profitable for G. A. Weber, No. 2717 Darwin street, to have a chicken thief enter his poultry house. Thursday night. He is a sportsman and has been wanting a double-barreled shotgun for years, and yesterday morning he found one, new and wrapped in a white coat, lying in the poultry house. After he had been alarmed by a noise of squawking chickens. But no chickens had been taken.

CITY FIRE LOSS NEARLY A MILLION IN A YEAR.

PROPERTY loss to the amount of \$969,939 was caused by the 2294 fires that occurred in the fiscal year ended last June 30, as shown in the annual report of Fire Chief Eley filed with the Fire Commission yesterday. The number of alarms turned in was 2552, but 254 of them were false. There were 171 fewer fires than during the previous fiscal year.

This is the first annual report since the two-platoon system was put into effect August 1, 1915, and the working arrangements made for consequence are detailed. Chief Eley states that owing to the rapid growth of the city there is an urgent need for more fire protection and he recommends the purchase of additional apparatus, all motor-driven, and that all horse-drawn vehicles be motorized as rapidly as possible. Another recommendation is for a modern fireboat at the harbor with a capacity of not less than 9000 gallons per minute. He asks that a number of engine houses be reopened and new ones built in outlying sections. He further asks for the immediate installation of an adequate fire alarm system. He says 46 per cent. of the city is without alarm boxes.

"DOPE" OR DEATH.
Deprived of Opium, Altered Slashes Wrists with Glass.

Rather than bear the torture of being deprived of drugs, Joseph B. Johnson, 25 years old, attempted to kill himself in the City Jail yesterday by slashing his wrists with glass he secured by breaking an electric light globe. Other prisoners witnessed the attempt and notified Jailor Fisher, who rushed to the cell and took him to the Receiving Hospital for surgical treatment.

Johnson was arrested as being a habitual drug-user. As it is against the State law for anyone to administer opiates to a person except in cases of extreme emergency, the Receiving Hospital doctors could not give Johnson any relief. His distress became so acute he apparently could not control himself, and the doctors were unable to restrain the habit when he was ill. He is a solicitor.

The Art of It.
[Boston Transcript.] She: Jack, you make love like an amateur. He: That's where the art comes in.

CONGREGATIONAL.
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL.
DR. WILLIAM HORACE DAY
Last Sunday Before Vacation.
11 a.m.
"When Christ Comes In."
Bass Solo by Robert Malle.
Twilight Communion 5 p.m.
Followers of the Master "of whatever name or sign" cordially welcome those who have been seeking religious duties and perhaps have neglected the duties which are the basis of the Kingdom of God. Those who wish to renew their allegiance to the King of Kings.

No Evening Service at 7:45.
REV. W. HORACE DAY D.D. PASTOR HOPE & NINTH.
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
21ST ST., NEAR FIGUEROA. REV. GEORGE A. ANDREWS, D.D., PASTOR.
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Mid-week services Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "THE CITY OF GOD." Evening, "THE CITY OF GOD." For a Christian, "BUT FOR YOURSELVES." Sermon, 7:30 p.m., address by Rev. C. V. Lafontaine, "CITY OF GOD." Young People's Church, Tenth and Pico streets.

BAPTIST.
TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH.
Fifth and Olive streets.
Rev. J. WHITCOMB BROUGHTON, D.D., PASTOR.
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Mid-week services Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "THE CITY OF GOD." Evening, "THE CITY OF GOD." For a Christian, "BUT FOR YOURSELVES." Sermon, 7:30 p.m., address by Rev. C. V. Lafontaine, "CITY OF GOD." Young People's Church, Tenth and Pico streets.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.
Corner Third and Main streets.
Rev. FREDERICK W. PATER, PASTOR.
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Mid-week services Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "THE CITY OF GOD." Evening, "THE CITY OF GOD." For a Christian, "BUT FOR YOURSELVES." Sermon, 7:30 p.m., address by Rev. C. V. Lafontaine, "CITY OF GOD." Young People's Church, Tenth and Pico streets.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.
Bible school at 3:30 a.m. Worship with preaching, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Morning service, 11 a.m. Subject, "THE CITY OF GOD." Evening, "THE CITY OF GOD." For a Christian, "BUT FOR YOURSELVES." Sermon, 7:30 p.m., address by Rev. C. V. Lafontaine, "CITY OF GOD." Young People's Church, Tenth and Pico streets.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.
Alvarado and Pico streets.
Rev. JAMES A. ANDREWS, D.D., PASTOR.
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Mid-week services Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "THE CITY OF GOD." Evening, "THE CITY OF GOD." For a Christian, "BUT FOR YOURSELVES." Sermon, 7:30 p.m., address by Rev. C. V. Lafontaine, "CITY OF GOD." Young People's Church, Tenth and Pico streets.

THE LIBERTY OLD SCHOOL BAPTISTS.
Will hold services every Sunday, 10:30 a.m., in their new church at Forty-second place and Menlo avenue. EVERYBODY WELCOME.
W. T. HENDERSON, PASTOR.

THEOSOPHY.
United Lodge of Theosophists
FIFTH FLOOR, METROPOLITAN BLDG.
Broadway at Fifth
(Public Library Building.)
Sunday, Wednesday and Friday Meetings
Discontinued Until Sept. 17th.
Reading Room open daily, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
(Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 m.)

HOME OF TRUTH.
CHRISTIANITY AND TEACHING
Sunday services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Mid-week services Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Subject, "THE CITY OF GOD." Evening, "THE CITY OF GOD." For a Christian, "BUT FOR YOURSELVES." Sermon, 7:30 p.m., address by Rev. C. V. Lafontaine, "CITY OF GOD." Young People's Church, Tenth and Pico streets.

CHURCH OF THE NEW CIVILIZATION.
MR. IDA MANFIELD-WILSON, Pastor.
Edward S. Jerome of Cincinnati will speak every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock (except 1:30 at Loomis apartments, No. 421 Loomis street, near Hotel Woodward). Subject August 6th, "WHAT IS MEANT BY THE GREAT AND FINAL JUDGMENT?" Everybody welcome. Tickets 50c.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.
Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. All are cordially invited. No collections. Take South Main and Grand avenues cars.

LUTHERAN OHIO SYNOD MISSION.
1300 West Eighth Street
Rev. A. C. Kleinlein, Pastor.
Services 11 a.m.; 7:30 p.m.

GOSPEL TENT. Vermont Ave. and 37th St.
Special evangelistic meetings, undenominational, orthodox and purely evangelistic, will be conducted by E. B. Roy of Boston, Mich., and J. A. Roy of Vancouver, B. C. Sundays at 2 and 7:30 a.m. and every week night (except Saturday) at 7:45. Meetings are free. All are cordially invited.

STILL MARRIED, UNRECONCILED.

Doctor Snubbed by Wife when Divorce Suit Fails.

Door of His Apartment Made Exhibit in Case.

Tells Court He has Lost All of Princely Income.

The Chamblee family failed to become reconciled yesterday afternoon, after Mrs. Clara E. Chamblee had been denied a divorce from Dr. Samuel R. Chamblee, and the latter stalked over to his wife, extended his hand in greeting and was snubbed. The three children, who had given testimony in favor of their mother's contention, crowded round, thinking the breach might be healed, but this did not happen.

One of the very interesting exhibits in the case yesterday, when it was resumed after a week's continuance, was the heavy oaken door which closed his apartments in San Francisco. Mrs. Chamblee alleged her husband was over friendly with other women and that he entertained them in these apartments. It was that door in order to obtain evidence that he had been in the habit of entertaining women in his office, the testimony given by her should have been given before the strike.

Mrs. Chamblee also alleged and declared her husband had been in the habit of entertaining women in his office, the testimony given by her should have been given before the strike.

When interrogated as to why she had not given the testimony, Mrs. Chamblee stated that she had been in the habit of entertaining women in her office, the testimony given by her should have been given before the strike.

ANOTHER RESIDENT?
Judge Suggests Possibility of Having Holographic Will.

Sid R. Howe, shared with his wife, a woman who had been in the habit of entertaining women in her office, the testimony given by her should have been given before the strike.

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STILL MARRIED, UNRECONCILED.

Doctor Snubbed by Wife when Divorce Suit Fails.

Door of His Apartment Made Exhibit in Case.

Tells Court He has Lost All of Princely Income.

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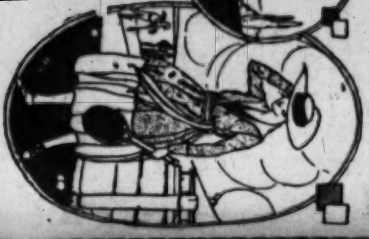
ected. There were cones
r a checkroom, a soda foun-
near stand, a candy stand,
k stand, a flower stand, and
and it was stated last night
r. Bourgeois secured the
from this source alone.
he gave contracts to ten
e, and each of them had
to him \$17 so that he could
in uniform. He said he
with men for these jobs, and
asked of them an advance
a secretary and induced five
to give him \$100 to secure
position. He let five contracts
section with the building
he was able to induce the
tors there to make him
is not stated.

BAD CHECKS COME

Brown was hired to super-
the construction at a
daily wage and a percentage
ire cost. The promoter was
ble for the payment of the
The first day pay passed
teerly and there was no
for the men. When the
y day arrived Mr. Bourgeois
t to be found. Later he
checks that were return-
"not sufficient funds."
declared that he made a
f about \$100 in a local bank
with began to write checks
winded down to a few cen-
were no fresh deposits
t was closed out, but that
the promoter, it is said
keeping up his check writ-
ve had \$470 in cash from
"and I've a pocketful of
checks from him. I am
checks to the amount of
\$600 in one day that he has
and that were worthless."
the promoter. Since
the ice rink have been sub-
ate his stenographer. Mr.
is said to have left the
have not since been seen
the persons directly interest-
venture. They declare the
stenographer was very help-
motor in putting through

BIG GAME TODAY

Los Angeles Athletic Club
will meet the fast Pacific
A field in the future
of the week. At the pre-
the clubmen are held
teague, with the General
in team a close second.

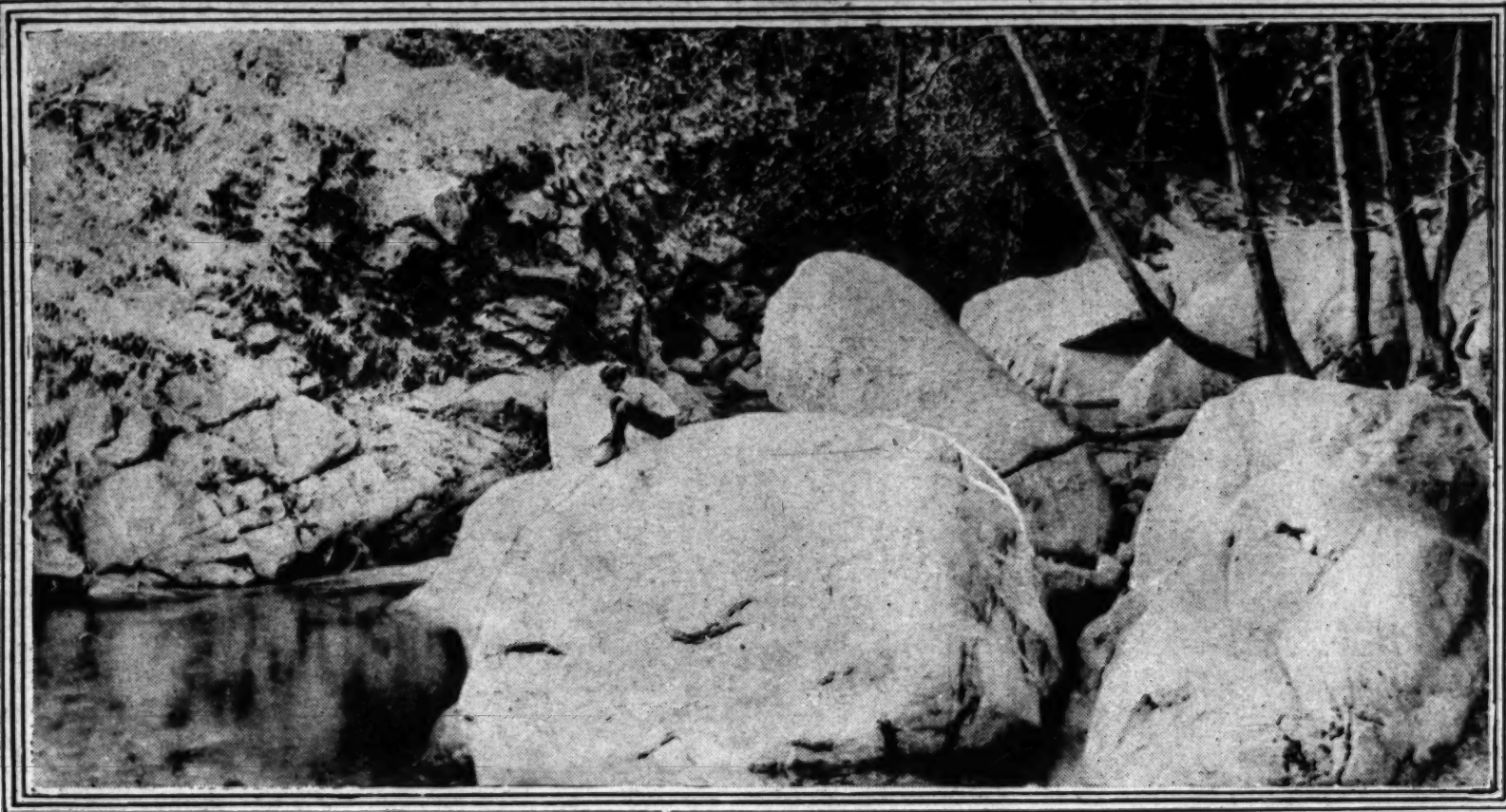


Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

THE
MAGAZINE

OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Trout Fishing in Big Santa Anita.



(Photo by E. P. CONRAD)

California, land of the setting sun

Work Has No Terror for These Boys—in the Mountains.



(Photo by BILL WHEELER)

With the Los Angeles Sunday Times for August 6, 1916. The Magazine is also Mailed Separately to any address ordered. (See Page 2.)

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Saturday, August 5, 1916.]

Los Angeles Times

Plant These Roses Now!

We desire to call your attention to the fact that the present is a most propitious time for the planting of all Roses. Set out now you can depend on a splendid display of blooms during the months of October and November. The plants will become firmly established, and in a condition to receive the full benefit of the Winter rains, which means a magnificent show in the Spring of the coming year. The quality of our stock is too well known to require comment. The plants are heavy two year old balled stock, guaranteed to grow; guaranteed true to name; guaranteed to be the best of their respective colors in commerce today; guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices include delivery to any point in Los Angeles or suburbs within the radius of our delivery system. These points include Glendale, Pasadena, Sierra Madre, Alhambra, San Gabriel, Whittier, Beverly and Hollywood.

Price of any of the following magnificent varieties:—

Each 50c—Per Dozen \$5.00—6 Plants \$2.50

You may make your selection from amongst the following:—

BETTY—Copper and Salmon.
CAROLINE TESTOUT—Silver pink.
MAD. CECIL BRUNNER—Baby rose. Pink.
CLARA WATSON—Shell pink.
COUNTESS OF GOSFORD—Bright satiny pink.
FLORENCE FEMBERTON—White, overlaid with pink.
FRANZ DREGAN—Deep rich yellow.
FRAU KARL DRUSCHKE—Pure white.
GEN. MCARTHUR—Bright red.
GRUSS AN TEPLITZ—Dark red.
HARRY KIRK—Orange yellow.
HUGH DICKSON—Dark red.
JANE WATSON—Rosy red.
JOS. HILL—Copper and Salmon.

J. B. CLARK—Crimson.
KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA—Pure white.
LADY BATTERSEA—Cherry crimson.
MY MARYLAND—Soft pink.
MRS. JOHN LANE—Shell pink.
MARIE VAN HOUTE—Yellow.
MAD. LEON PAIN—Salmon pink.
MRS. A. R. WADDELL—Copper and Salmon.
MILDRED GRANT—Light pink.
MRS. AARON WARD—Indian yellow.
MARY, COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER—Rosy crimson.
MAD. CONSTANCE SOUPERT—Yellow and carmine.

MAD. SECOND WEBER—Salmon pink.
MAD. ABEL CHATENAY—Salmon.
PINK KILLARNEY—Pink.
PRINCE OF BULGARIA—Salmon and copper.
PAUL NEYRON—Deep rose.
PRESIDENT CARNOT—Light salmon pink.
PINK COCHET—Deep rose.
PHARISAER—Salmon.
PEACE—Lemon yellow.
PEARL VON GODSBERG—Cream.
PERLE D'OR—Copper yellow.
ULRICH BRUNNER—Cherry red.
WHITE KILLARNEY—White.
WM. SHEAN—Deep rose.
WHITE COCHET—White tinted pink.

WINNIE DAVIS—Salmon pink.
12 Fine Climbing Roses
CAROLINE TESTOUT—Light pink.
CECIL BRUNNER—Salmon pink.
FRANCIS CROUSSE—Rich crimson.
HENRIETTA—red.
KAISERIN—Pure white.
LA MARQUE—Pure white.
MAD. PRIOUT—Striped Henrietta.
MARCHEL NEH—Golden yellow.
PAPA GONTIER—Rosy carmine.
DUCHESS DE AURESTADT—Deep yellow.
REVE D'OR—Apricot yellow.
WM. ALLEN RICHARDSON—Orange yellow.

INVITATION

We extend to all of our customers an invitation to visit our nurseries and trial grounds at Montebello. At the present time the fields are a wealth of color. Our fine strains of Zinnias, Asters and other seasonable plants are now at the height of their glory. If you have under consideration the addition of any plants to your garden a visit to our nurseries will more than repay you. You will gain ideas which will be of service to you in attaining the best results. A visit to our grounds will prove an object lesson of what may be accomplished in the scientific culture of flowers and plants. Open Sundays. Everybody welcome.

A Message From Our Floral Department

When in need of cut flowers, floral designs, wedding decorations, etc., our florist department is at your service. The enormous increase in volume of this department of our business bespeaks the satisfaction given to our customers. We make a specialty of shipping to distant points. By skillful packing our goods reach the most distant points in a fresh and crisp condition. Do not hesitate to write, telephone or telegraph us your wants.

Howard & Smith

9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957

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KEROSENE ODORS
CANNOT ENTER

THROUGH THE PATENTED
PAPER-LINED SACK WHICH

THEREFORE, INSIST ON GENUINE

BESGRADE FLOUR

SUBSTITUTION IS AN INSULT TO YOUR
INTELLIGENCE.

SEND IT BACK

GREAT WESTERN MILLS
LOS ANGELES



"Keeps the Dirt Out
and Flour In."



Delicious
Iced—
as well
as hot

Stephenson Creek Canyon, Fresno County.



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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

Wisdom of the Wild Boar.
"Oh, why do you whet your tusks, my friend,
On the bark of the old oak tree?
There is not one sign of danger near.
That is threatening you or me."
So said the fox to the great wild boar,
In the midst of the forest free.
"But how do we know," the boar replied,
"The course of dogs or of men;
The plan of the hunter upon his bed,
The grizzly wolf in his den?"
"Should they appear with the morrow's
morn,
Or come in a year at dusk;
When the battle is nigh, to live or die,
What time to sharpen my tusk?"
"My children they would have for a feast,
My head they wish for display;
By strength alone I protect my own,
With spear-like tooth in the fray."
"I make no beginning of war,
With attack by day or night;
I claim and give but the right to live;
For only defense I fight."
Let not they vigilance cease,
Prepare for defense of peace.
—[Garrett Newkirk.]

The Law.

Life wouldn't be worth living
If we never broke the law;
For instance, it's an outrage!
And the worst I ever saw—
They want laws against kissing;
Just think what we'd be missing.
Life wouldn't be worth living
If we never broke that law.
Now, honest, who is living,
As it were, within the law?
These pesky old lawmakers
Seems to me are mighty raw;
With their laws against spooning,
There'd be no honeymooning,
Then what's the use of living,
If you live within the law?
Then who would want an auto
If he listened to the law?
Of course, if he's a dead one
He might not care a straw;
But I shall go on speeding,
This speed is what I'm needing,
For life is not worth living
When I'm breaking no speed law.
What would there be to live for
If they should enforce the law?
They are ev'ry one oppressive,
There's none without a flaw;
I tell you, I won't stand it,
Though they pinch me for a bandit;
There'd be no free man living
If they half enforced the law.
J. C. CRISLER.

The Vagabond Verse.

A vagabond am I, conceived in solitude,
Flung, by nameless hands, upon the world,
To live or die, unsought, unknown.
And yet, no flower grew, no star burned
Out, no coral formed, no being
Breathed in vain and so, a message
Unto you I bring, albeit unbelievable.
No day yet dawned, no night approached,
No storm arose, no calm yet blessed,
No death, no life, no incident has yet oc-
curred
That did not vitally affect the world
And all therein. No thought, no word,
No action, deed or spell of yours
That did not register for good
Or bad upon your friends and
Those beloved by you and God.
Know then you live not for
Yourself alone but rather as a
Power, blessed or cursed, to carry out
The predetermined plan of Life.
Remember me, a Vagabond Verse, of
Questionable birth but fathered by
A kindly heart, in sorrow steeped, in
Pain untold and yet in faith unshaken.
JACK WOLF.
San Quentin Prison, July 23, 1916.

Our Guest.

I know a cheerful little lass,
Just "Summer" is her only name,
But when she comes to visit us
We welcome her with loud acclaim—
This cheerful lass called Summer.
When time for her arrival comes
We always would just plan and schem
How we could put all work away
And sit with her and simply dream—
This lazy lass called Summer!
She comes to us in gorgeous dress
With flowers of many-colored hue,
Which, ere the season is half done,
Are old and faded quite, 'tis true—
This careless lass called Summer!
We plan in honor of our guest
So many parties that will please,
Of course they are all out-of-doors,
On sandy shore, 'neath shady trees—
This merry lass called Summer!
But when at last her stay is out
And we, the best of friends, must part,
We find her bad—the little flirt,
For fun, has smashed our truest heart—
This impish lass called Summer!
VERA HEATHMAN COLE.

The Little House.

And I said to myself, I will build a house
The day my Love comes by,
And there shall be much of a river wind,
and much of the open sky;
With a singing bird to wake us, and a great
rose, red and high;
A great rose, red and high and near,
And shaken by the bees;
Close in the shadows of gold green vines
and a depth of green gold trees;
And night will bring a cool of dreams like
rain upon the breeze.
There will be gift of laughter given
When the sun is brave in the blue;
And there will be gift of quiet, come with
the dust and the dew;
Till the wonder of each shining hour will
soak us through and through.
O little house of river winds,
O house, so hid and neat,
The white, long road that leads to you is
cruel to weary feet;
Yet, with my Love for company, even the
dust treads sweet.
—[Maxwell Struthers Burt, in Contem-
porary Verse.]

The Song of the Shark.

We make our home in the driving foam, we
sport in the ocean spume,
We track our prey from the early gray of
dawn to the night's black gloom;
Through the waves we scud at the smell of
blood, and we plunge with deadly aim
At a living crowd or a corpse in a shroud;
to a shark it is all the same.
When the hurricane sweeps on the gulver-
ing deeps, and the doomed ship groans
in pain,
And the sailors pray to God for day, off the
reefs of the Spanish Main;
We note the rig of the broken brig, the
crash of the falling spar,
For only a few of the quaking crew escape
where the white sharks are.
Mid the fighting ships where the red blood
drips from the scuppers into the sea,
Where shot and shell and the dying knell
of the victims that are to be;
The fin of the shark is the last dread mark
the sign that shuddering sends,
The palsied fear of the danger near, the
terror that rips and rends.
We dive and we float by the undersea boat,
the serpent scourge of the sea,
For a periscope is the shark's new hope of
feasting and revelry;
Our speed we spur as her engines whirr,
we hail her the ocean queen,
And we sport in the swell that's as red as that
hell, the wake of the submarine.
—[B. W. Rogers Taylor, in New York Sun, look up his financial rating again, girly.]

Forget Me Not.

When we shall part no more to meet
Where summer blooms or chill winds
blow,
When we shall part, forget me not—
I loved you well long, long ago.
I loved you then, I love you now—
Time but endears your heart to me—
The leaf will cling unto the bough
And I, dear heart, will cling to thee.
And when we part, and part we must,
If love in life must lose its own,
Your prayers above my silent dust
May leave my spirit less alone.
If 'yond the grave we meet again
Our hearts need not together grow
For I, dear heart, will love you then
As I have loved you long ago.
FLOYD D. RAZE.

Your Own Garden.

You'll never know the beauty of a turnip
or a beet
Till you find it in a garden of your own,
And the most alluring cabbage that you will
ever meet
Will be grown from seed that your own
hands have sown.
Potatoes are prosaic, and they're sometimes
small and mean
When you watch them weighed and meas-
ured in a sack,
But when you dig them from the ground
potatoes are a dream
And they often leave sweet mem'ries in
their track.
A squash is but a stupid thing to find with-
in a box,
But if you can see it growing on the vine
A squash seems so intelligent, it very near-
ly talks;
And the beans keep stringing humans all
the time.
California is the garden spot you're seek-
ing on this earth.
Where tomatoes keep on blooming right
along
And green peas come at Christmas, and we
greet the New Year's birth
With a slice of watermelon and a song.
BELLE WILLEY GUE.

Polly.

Let others sing the praises of
Their foreign nurtured lasses,
The little maiden that I love
Their every charm surpasses;
For France's dainty Seraphine
Or England's lovely Molly
Is not to be compared, I ween,
To my Virginia Polly.
She doesn't know a wondrous lot
Of modern fads and fancies,
And doesn't care—I fear she'd not
Shine in these new romances.
But she is such a merry elf,
So tender and so jolly,
That I'd surrender fame and pelt
For my Virginia Polly.
So fair is she, so wise is she,
So filled with comprehension,
So lavish with her sympathy
I quite exhaust invention
In framing compliments that fit;
To try it is pure folly,
For no words that were ever writ
Could justice do to Polly.
Let others sing of other lands
And damsels there abiding,
Of modern maids in ancient strands,
Where goddesses found hiding;
I really feel these swains should be
A prey to melancholy,
For that, poor lads, they ne'er may see
My own Virginia Polly.
—[Richmond Times-Dispatch.]

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "He insists
"I don't like the sound of that. Better
look up his financial rating again, girly."

HUMOR.

[Yale Record:] "Bill is one of those care-
ful, saving fellows, isn't he?"
"Yes; he puts the cork in the ink bottle
between dips."
[Life:] "Perkins's wife has a double per-
sonality."
"Yes, and he's trying to offset it by lead-
ing a double life."
[Judge:] "There's one good thing about
golf."
"What is it?"
"It's seldom that your wife insists on you
taking her to see it played."
[Yonkers Statesman:] Mrs. Flatbush:
This paper says, John, that the United
States has 66,662 postoffices.
Mr. Flatbush: Which reminds me, dear,
that I forgot to mail that letter you gave me.
[Philadelphia Bulletin:] Messenger Boy
(handing Brown a telegram from his wife
at the shore:) Any answer?
Brown (without opening it:) Yes; just
say "Busted."
[Kansas City Star:] He: Can't you find
anything pleasant to say about the members
of my family?
She: Well, I remember they were all op-
posed to our marriage.
[Yonkers Statesman:] Patience: Have
you seen Peggy's new suit?
Patrice: Yes; isn't it too ridiculous for
anything?
Patience: Yes, I like it, too.
[Puck:] Music Lover: How distressing
it must be when a singer realizes that she
has lost her voice!
Critic: Yes; but how much more distress-
ing it is when she doesn't realize it.
[Florida Times-Union:] Stranger:
smell something burning.
Old Comer at Swell Resort: It must be
money—nobody ever burns anything around
here but money.
[Boston Transcript:] Miss Green: Of
course, you can't believe everything you
hear.
Miss Gadleigh: Oh, no; but you can re-
peat it.
[London Opinion:] The Husband: It
promises well.
The Artist: Yes! It will be a speaking
likeness.
The Husband: Then perhaps you'd bet-
ter tone it down just a little.
[Washington Star:] "So you think women
should be able to run the country?"
"Well, for logic and style, I'm willing to
put my daughter's graduation essay up for
comparison with a lot of the regular cam-
paign speeches."
[Puck:] Specialist: Your heart is acting
rather irregularly. Is there anything worry-
ing you?
Patient: Not particularly. Only just now
when you put your hand in your pocket I
thought for a moment you were going to
give me your bill.
[Pall Mall Gazette:] "These little sar-
dines, Elizabeth, are sometimes eaten by the
larger fish."
Elizabeth gazed at the sardines in wonder
and then asked:
"But, mother, how do the larger fish get
the tins open?"
[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "I caught the
street car conductor who owes me money on
the car platform last night."
"Did you get your money?"
"No; he did the same thing my other
creditors do."
"What's that?"
"Put me off."



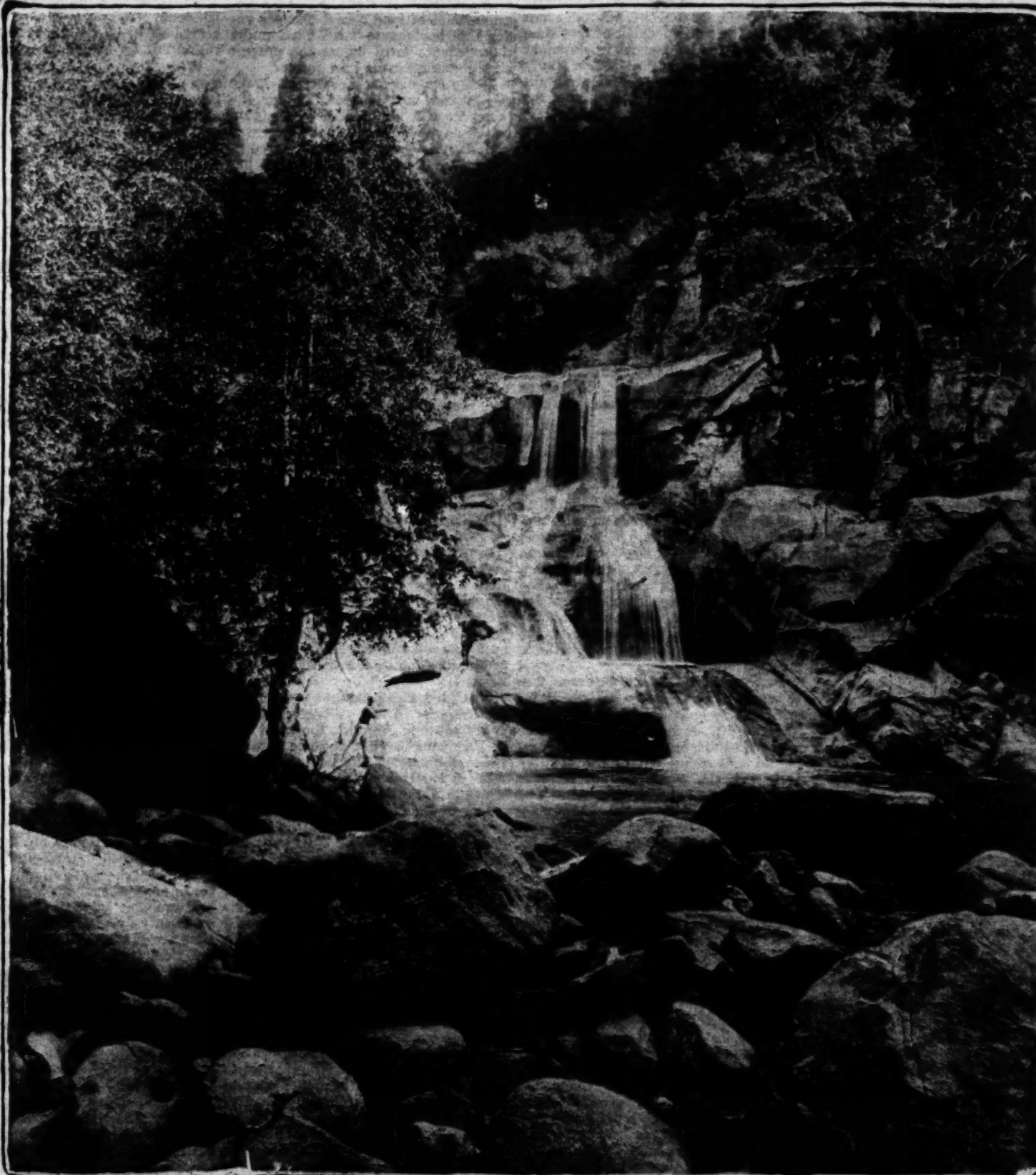
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THE CITY AND THE COAST.

WHEN the wealth of Los Angeles was appraised at only one-half billion dollars every taxpayer in the city had his fingers crossed.

A LOS ANGELES actress is referred to as the girl with the million smiles. This description would fit most Los Angeles girls.

THE summer man may be at the front, but, thank heaven, the summer girl remains the joy of the beaches.

THE humble French prune has come and gone for 1916. Southern California does not grow a more delicious plum.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S handsome beaches were never more appreciated than during the past ten days.

IN THOSE sad and bitter days when all the East suffered and many died, how many of us stopped a moment to be grateful for the beauty, the joy and the comfort that is Los Angeles?

IT IS to be hoped that the prayers of Los Angeles people for the peace of Europe and of the world will not be limited to five minutes on a fixed day. Such a plan is commendable, but it is not enough.

COL. CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG has written and published a charming little book called "The Two Republics," in the interest of friendship between the United States and Mexico. Col. Young has been a consistent friend of the Mexican people for more than forty years and it may be added that one of Mexico's richest assets is its champions in the United States.

Strange Bedfellows.

IT IS proverbial in America that politics makes strange bedfellows. It does in other countries besides America. But, of course, it is proverbial here, because politics is thicker in America than in any other country in the world.

This proverb was brought to mind the other day by reading a dispatch from St. Paul which announced that J. Frank Hanly, formerly Governor of Indiana, had not only been nominated as Presidential candidate for the Prohibition party, but that he accepted the nomination. It must have been news to many people that Hanly was a Prohibitionist.

He was one of the stand-pats of all stand-pats among Republicans until now. Any one who had seen him eight years ago on the platform at Chicago at the convention that nominated William H. Taft was impressed with the man's strong virility. He was not for Taft, but for Fairbanks, on that occasion, and put his fellow-Indianian in nomination. The Roosevelt crowd was very hostile to anyone who did not take the Taft dope, which at that time Roosevelt was lading out in abundant measure to Republicans. When Hanly began to speak there was raised a hubbub all over the convention, from the floor, from the galleries, and from the platform behind the speaker and the chairman. Hanly is a tremendous man physically, standing six feet and over, and possessed of a fair voice. The way he hurled defiance at the many thousands of hostile voices and hostile faces in the Coliseum was inspiring, and, turning around, he faced Alice Roosevelt and her crowd behind him with about as fine a piece of scathing invective as ever came from the lips of man. Then, facing the audience once more, with folded arms, he belabored like a bull of Bashan: "I can stand this as long as you can. I am here to address this convention, and I will do it if it takes a week. It is up to you when you will hear me, but hear me you must, and shall."

Imports and Revenues.

THE foreign commerce of America is breaking all records these war times, when half the world is fighting and leaving America to do much of the business of humanity. For the fiscal year, ended June 30, the total business done in and out of America amounted to the huge sum of more than \$6,500,000,000. Of course, it makes prosperity cover the land, as the waters cover the sea. But it is a prosperity the cause of which every right-minded man regrets.

In spite of this great business, the revenues of the country have been insufficient to meet the expenses of the government. It is true that two-thirds of the six and a half billion dollars coming in and going out of the country is in exports, which do not increase the revenues of the government. The imports amounted to but \$2,180,000,000. How many of us realize that this is more than the average imports of the current century? Indeed, it is a new record.

Turn back to 1900, and we find the imports amounting to only \$1,394,483,082. Ten years later, in 1910, the imports amounted to \$1,556,947,430. These figures for each year are for imports of merchandise. Turn to the statistics for 1911, the fiscal year ending June 30, and we find imports of all kinds amounting to \$1,646,770,367. You see, in each and every case, the imports of the last fiscal year overbalance those of any of the three preceding recorded in the World Almanac.

In spite of that the revenues of the government suffice to meet its expenses, leaving in each case a substantial surplus in the treasury. It is well to remember, too, that this revenue was raised and sufficed for the expenses of the government without any recourse

to an income tax, or a war tax, or any other kind of taxation excepting the indirect one produced by duties on imports on goods made in foreign countries.

Last year the government received an income of more than \$110,000,000 from the income tax, received other sums from the stamp tax, falsely denominated a war tax, yet, in spite of larger imports, in spite of the extra taxes levied on the people, the government at Washington has been unable to make both ends meet. Why is this? Of course, the revenue derived from the imports is much less on the larger sum of the last fiscal year than on smaller amounts in the preceding years referred to here.

Who has been benefited by the low tariffs, which have been inadequate to raise revenues to meet the expenses of the government, even with much over \$100,000,000 added by direct taxation? Has any man, woman or child in America bought a garment, from shoes to hats, from the skin out to the cloak, a cent cheaper? Has any American got a mouthful of food a cent cheaper under this inadequate tariff than under the adequate tariff before the present administration came into power?

If the expenses have increased, the administration is responsible for the increase; and, here again, who has received any benefit out of the increased pork barrel, except those who feed at the public trough? Commission has been heaped upon commission, special agents have been appointed to run the earth on special missions, heaping up additional expense to do the work which competent Ambassadors might do and could do.

Under every representative government on earth, in every part of the world, ever since governments have existed, taxation has been the crucial test of administrations, which have risen or fallen, been continued or gone out of commission, by the way they have handled the finance of the country, depending upon whether they lightened the load of taxation on the backs of the people generally, or heaped additional loads upon these poor backs.

Big Three Sure.

THE nation-wide political campaign will be on in a few days, and will be raging as hotly as the heat wave that has been sweeping over the East. Before this appears in print Mr. Hughes will have been notified formally of his nomination, and immediately thereafter all verbal batteries will break loose as noisily and vehemently as an attack along the hostile fronts in France.

The campaign promises to be a record-breaker in its earnestness. In every town in America the band will be permitted to play, at some date between the first of August and the first week in November, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

One of the most interesting features of the whole campaign will be to find back of, in front of, or beside the Republican nominee, two former Presidents of the United States. If by chance all three of the big guns should break loose at one spot, from one platform, it would be a spectacle worth seeing by men, however the gods might regard the affair.

They are all three big Americans, and two of them have been in antagonism for the last four years in such a fight as only big men ever put up. Taft and Roosevelt are very different types of humanity—one the impersonation of good nature, with a smile that won't come off, the other the impersonation of combativeness, with few smiles playing around his big mouth. They have been antagonists worthy of each other's steel during the four years since the fight came up between them.

Few, if any, other things in the campaign illustrate better the earnestness

of the people generally than the reconciliation between Roosevelt and Taft. To see the two men on the same platform would surely be a signal to all Republicans to get together, close up the ranks, and rush upon the foe with all arms of the service in the political warfare.

Cost of Living in Europe.

BEFORE the war broke out it was a remarkable experience for Americans traveling in Europe to find that they could live more cheaply there in the same style of living than at home. This strangeness was emphasized in the minds of those who kept house on a large or small scale. Naturally, in countries where the products of the soil are inadequate to meet the demands of human mouths, food in the raw state was dearer than in America. This was to be expected, but the unexpected came when the American went into a restaurant and found that he could get a larger portion of meat, bread, of most vegetables or fruits, for a half-franc or a franc—that is, 10 or 20 cents American—than would be served at home in the same style of restaurant for the same money.

We are wondering, now, with the war on, how the people live there at all. But from a report from Ireland recently it would seem that living was still cheaper than in America. The dispatch stated that the cost of living had increased by 41.2 per cent, yet the report went on to say that bread was 9 cents for a two-pound loaf, sugar 9 cents a pound, milk 7 cents a quart, and butter 32 cents a pound.

Here in Los Angeles food is much cheaper than in New York or any other large eastern city; yet if any housewife in the city will take her bills she will find she is paying as much or more for the same commodities as they cost in Ireland.

Scoot Across Continent.

ABOUT a month ago a twelve-cylinder car left San Diego, sealed in high gear, to make a run across the continent. Officials of the American Automobile Association saw the car sealed before she started, and she was to have the seal on when she reached the Atlantic Coast.

New York was her destination, but at this writing we have not heard of her arrival there yet. Nor has any other news of the "Lena" arrived here yet. But this does not signify. The interesting part of the event is that she could make the trip across the continent in any gear or all gears for automobiles. Of course, it has been done over and over again, and arrivals are common on the Coast from the East, and in the East from the Coast. The roads are probably bad in places, but generally they are good, and wherever defective the defects will be remedied within a year or so.

It is a wonderful achievement, one of the greatest of our time. The continent of America is broad, extending 3000 miles from ocean to ocean. Its surface is broken not only by immense rivers but by gigantic mountain ranges over which the roads climb. When the roads are good all the way through it will probably be easy to make twenty or twenty-five miles an hour running time across the continent, which is better time than the slow trains made across America when engine met engine at Promontory Point on the shores of Salt Lake nearly fifty years ago. Of course, it will take more days to cross the continent now in an automobile than it would then on trains, for the reason that the automobile party is not provided with sleeping accommodations and so must stop for a rest a part of every twenty-four hours. Still, six hours would probably be enough for resting time, and thus it would be possible to run eighteen hours. If the machine made twenty-five miles an hour for eighteen hours it would equal

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

CLEANSING PROBLEMS.

Your Enamelled Saucepan.

[New York Evening Journal:] Instead of destroying the enamel of saucepans by scouring with gritty substances, try the plan of boiling in them now and again, water mixed with a little chloride of lime. It almost immediately restores the most discolored surface to a condition of snowy whiteness.

Wine-stained Decanters.

When cleaning wine-stained decanters, put into them some tea leaves, a little sand and some warm, soapy water. Shake well till the stain is removed, then rinse thoroughly in clear water, and stand upside down to drain dry.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Silence in Business.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Comparatively few out of all the hordes of girls working for their living know the value of a silent tongue. Almost all girls talk too much, and they are just the same in business as in society. The silent woman is one of the rarest treasures on earth. But, where a really prattling tongue is often attractive in a girl who lives and moves in the social world, lending animation and vivacity, it is a menace in the working girl—a menace to her own best interests and a menace to her firm's secrets.

Never Repeat Office Talk Outside.

All too often her own tongue is the worker's worst enemy. It may be the only thing that stands between her and advancement. But a prattling tongue is quite enough to ruin any girl's career in business. What the heads of most big concerns require first in their employees is efficiency and a silent tongue.

Very often a girl who is not so capable as her fellow-workers is advanced over their heads to a position of real importance, simply because her employers can see that out of the whole crowd she is the only one who knows how to hold her tongue. And no man wants to have a girl taking down his business correspondence and overhearing all the confidential interviews with other men unless he feels confident that she will say nothing of it outside.

HOME HYGIENE.

Atmosphere of Sickroom.

[New York Sun:] The atmosphere of a sickroom should always be perfectly pure. Flowers may be kept in a well-aired room during the day, and if they are not too highly scented they lend a pleasant fragrance which is not injurious.

Smoke will remove bad odors more effectively and with less labor than anything else.

Asthma of the Stomach.

Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth; then sweeten a little and add a little pulverized alum. Give a teaspoonful every ten or fifteen minutes until relief comes.

An infallible cure for this distressing and sometimes fatal complaint: For adults, hang by the hands with feet clear of the ground, the hands well apart and the breath held for fifteen seconds. With children, hold them up off the ground by both hands.

Hot Sand Bottle.

When your hot-water bottle starts to leak never throw it away. Heat clean, white sand in the oven and pour it into the bag or bottle. The sand will be found better than the water, as it retains the heat longer.

MENDING MATTERS.

Articles of Glass.

[New York American:] Articles of glass, such as tumblers, fruit dishes, lamp chimneys, globes and other similar bric-a-brac can be mended with a preparation of five parts of gelatin to one part of a solution of bichromate of potash. Cover the broken edges with this and press together; then place in direct sunlight for a few hours.

Your Worn Tablecloth.

Cut an inch off one side of your tablecloth as soon as they begin to show signs of wear, and hem the raw edges. This will make the folds come in a slightly different place, and they will last far longer than if always folded in the same way.

NEEDLE NOTES.

To Join Lace.

[Philadelphia Press:] When lace is to be joined it is most neatly done by buttonholing the edges on the wrong side in the finest seam that will hold.

Instead of laboriously rolling lace and sewing by hand, put on the finest hemmer, with fine needle, small stitch and a fine cotton, and hem the edge and sew on the lace at the same time. The lace must be held rather loosely, so as not to pucker.

When Buttonholing Scallops.

Instead of wasting hours in padding a straight edge of scallops that must be buttonholed, fasten a soft, thick cord or double strands of darning cotton at the left of the scallop, hold it through the scallop and work over it to the right.

Never use a rough, stiff cord for such padding, as it cuts through the outside; and see that it is long enough to finish the piece to be buttonholed. Splicing and padding midway makes an ugly ridge. Fasten the end well before the last few stitches of buttonholing are taken.

Thread Machine Quickly.

When threading a machine or needle place a piece of white paper under the eye of the needle for a dark thread and place the hands on a piece of dark material to thread the needle with white.

KITCHEN SHOWER FOR BRIDE.

Homely Articles Decorated.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Egg-beaters and potato-mashers make amusing dolls, with heads made from potatoes, apples or painted rags, and a body made—the utensil will stand—from rolls of cardboard. Dress in tissue paper hat and gown.

Clothespins may be turned into amusing dolls with crepe paper, using marshmallows for heads, each decorated with features in black ink. To present these dolls erect, fill a long baking dish with moss or sand and stick the pins into it. Drape the pan with double frills of neutral-tinted paper, so as not to detract from the gayety of the dolls.

A scrubbing brush may be covered with paper and have baby-ribbon bows for handles and hanger, with the bristles stuck full of hairpins to represent a hairpin holder.

Invert a dishpan into one a size larger, cover both with green paper, and in the space between stick kitchen knives, forks and spoons, wound with brown to represent stems and topped off with gay paper flowers. Tie paper bows on the handles of the biggest pan.

Charming Cushion Towel-stuffed.

Tea towels, neatly hemmed, or a dozen iron holders, may be used to stuff a square bag into cushion shape. This is covered with crepe paper, double frills and rosettes of the ribbon to look like a very pretty pin-cushion.

Kitchen toweling may be joined with strips of gay paper in a kimono shape, the edge being bound with the paper, and long ties and a bow of paper sewed to the neck space.

That useful kitchen chair-stool ladder can be padded out with cotton to a grotesque figure provided with a pumpkin head.

A nest of boxes or bowls will be hard to trace if inverted in an old-fashioned cake stand and covered with a pasteboard box which is lined like a wedding-cake with the initials of the bride-to-be.

Graduated measures can be stuffed with washcloths, the outside decorated with paper with a frill top and the stuffing covered with the wire netting such as is used on hairpin holders.

It adds to the fun if the hostess gives prizes for the best disguise, the most artistic and the most grotesque; also prizes for those of her guests who guess the greatest

and the second greatest list of utensils before the masquerade is revealed.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Cooking with Gas.

[Good Housekeeping:] Use cooking utensils that completely cover the burner. All heat not directly beneath the utensil is wasted. A kettle or saucepan of small diameter and great depth is not economical to heat unless its contents require long cooking. The Berlin-shaped saucepan, with bulging sides, is the most economical for use over a gas burner.

Cover vegetables with boiling water, then place them over a single burner, where they may be kept, at the boiling point with the burner turned part way off.

Use the simmering burner for cooking dried fruits, hard and string beans, hard-cooked eggs, soups, stews, ham, corned beef and pot roasts. Vegetables, unless the quantity is too large, may often be kept at the boiling point in this burner. A sad-iron heater placed over this increases the cooking surface.

Sensible Economy.

Avoid using the giant burner unless for something in a large frying-pan, for baking griddle-cakes quickly, boiling the teakettle, deep frying or heating sadirons. Place the sadirons on the heater instead of over the flame. Place the griddle for cakes on the sadiron heater unless it is especially designed for gas.

Never black the gas range, and never use kerosene or a salted fat when cleaning it. If the range has been neglected and is in very bad condition, place all removable parts, including burners, in a pan of hot water with plenty of washing soda. Scrub each part with a brush until clean, dry it thoroughly, then rub with an oiled cloth. Go over the entire range with this same oiled cloth, unless finished in Japan, when a dustless duster would be better. Any of the unsalted cooking fats or the floor oil polishes are excellent.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Woman's Home Companion:] To avoid the cutting and rusting of clothes lines when strung over metal hooks, a good scheme is to use a right-angled hook instead of a curved one, and put an empty spool on it, round which the rope may be strung.

Instead of putting her rings down anywhere when about to wash her hands, or the dishes, a girl I know always slips the rings on a hairpin and puts the pin securely back into her hair until she is ready to wear her jewelry again.

It is sometimes difficult to remove water from lettuce quickly. When in a hurry, tear off a section from a paper-towel roll and put the lettuce leaves on it and pat them with a crumpled piece of toweling. The paper absorbs the water more quickly than a cloth, and there is no danger of bruising the leaves.

If you have puppies or other animals to feed, get one of the round cake tins with a tube in the center. Drive a pointed stick through the tube into the ground and you will have a feeding dish that will not tip over.

When the ceiling above the gas jet has become blackened, apply a layer of starch and water to it with a piece of clean flannel; let it dry and then brush off lightly; no marks will remain.

Leather chairs are cleaned with a rag dipped in a mixture of equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil and then polished with a dry duster.

HEARTSEASE.

Solitude and Aspiration.

[John Stuart Mill:] It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from

CANCER

Treated by New French Process

No knife, no cancer pastes, no dangerous major operations. Especially suitable in cases of internal or inaccessible growths, such as cancers of the stomach, throat, liver, kidneys, womb, etc. Medicine acts on cancerous growths through the blood. Progress of beneficial results obtained can be demonstrated by analysis of the urine. DR. A. R. GOMEZ, COLTIER BUILDING, 213 SO. BROADWAY, Los Angeles, Cal.

which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation, or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations, which are not only good for the individual but which society could ill do without.

An Infallible Recipe.

I've had today a pleasant whim
Of how to keep the heart in trim,
And running o'er with purest joy:
One day each week become a boy!
Drop toll and trouble, care and woe,
And back to boyhood once more go—
Unless, perhaps, you chance to be
A woman—then the recipe
Is much the same: give o'er the whirl
Of present things, and be a girl!
—[John Kendrick Bangs.]

Field Pipe for Trenches.

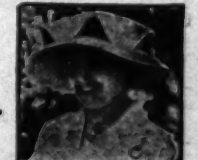
[Popular Mechanics:] The "field pipe" is a German invention which smokers at the front can use without fear of attracting the enemy's fire from telltale clouds of smoke or the glow of burning tobacco. The glow in this pipe is entirely concealed, and the smoke is turned into a thin vapor. The article has a rubber bit from which an applebowl is suspended by a flexible stem. The bowl resembles a chisel handle; its lower end unscrews and is perforated with several holes. After this cap has been removed the position of the pipe should be reversed for filling; a slide, also perforated, is moved to one side and the tobacco deposited in the bowl. The slide is then replaced, the bowl allowed to drop down to its normal position, and then it is ready to be lighted, after which the cap is replaced. Between the bowl and the stem is a cup to collect the nicotine and moisture which otherwise would extinguish the fire. The pipe can be smoked with safety in powder magazines.

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Pat.
April 13,
1914



Style No. 1, 60 cents

Style No. 2, 75 cents

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For sale at the following department stores in Los Angeles: N. B. Blackstone Co., The Broadway, Bullock's, Fifth St. Store, Hamburger's, Maxime's Millinery and Sing Fat's.

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Riverside, Cal.

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Fancy work a specialty—all hand work.
L. L. WHIPPLE, Prop.

[Saturday, August 5, 1916.]

Illustrated Weekly.

or surpass the train time of half a century ago.

But this is a case in which time is not of the essence of the event. On the contrary, a leisurely trip is in every way the most enjoyable and the most sensible. Here is where the interest centers in the way of traveling. The roads across the continent traverse many places of entrancing scenic beauty and of scenic grandeur. We can imagine nothing more delightful than to travel in this way across the continent, stopping to enjoy the beauty spots or to be almost stunned by the grandeur of some of the prospects. People of means touring Europe have indulged in this kind of travel for years past. There are very few parts of the Old World comparable in scenery to the New. It lacks the great rivers of America, and, excepting in places, lacks also the mountain scenery of the New World.

It must be indescribably exhilarating to go rushing over the good roads in a comfortable automobile. For example, leaving Los Angeles and whirling past orange groves, beautiful towns with their schools and churches, along river bottoms where meadows are lush and deep, then climbing great mountains with snowcapped peaks casting their shadows over the road. So the journey goes, crossing immense rivers, rushing into big cities in the evening, and out again in the morning. It makes one glad to live in the time we do, and in the country we live in, to think of trips like these.

The Diving Dutchman.

A STRIKING feature in the minds of the people of the past has been the Flying Dutchman. He made a sensational figure in the imagination of mankind for some hundreds of years. He was more or less a myth, and in these very practical times of materialists he has been more or less lost sight of, and is likely to go into absolute oblivion.

The people of the present have a different figure in the mind's eye. He is a Diving Dutchman. Of course, there is a double change in this. The Flying Dutchman was a Hollander, whereas his successor, the Diving Dutchman, is a German. And there is nothing mythical about the German wonder of the day. He is a substantial, concrete fact built out of steel ribs, and nearly every other part of his anatomy is metal, from the great heart that throbs within him and gives him motive power to his outer cuticle.

There are two of him, and he is occupying the minds of men today more than even the terrific battles being waged on all the fronts of Eastern and Western Europe. It was a wonderful feat to accomplish, and required intrepid hearts to undertake it, and steady nerves to achieve it, from the time the Deutschland left her home port until she rose to the surface in Chesapeake Bay. When the Deutschland's sister ship, the Bremen, left her slip in her home port (if she ever did leave it) it required just as dauntless hearts and just as steady nerves for the captain and crew of her as for those of her forerunner.

Is there a man, no matter what his sympathies, in whose body beats the heart of a man, who does not admire the daring of these undersea sailors, and is it possible that any man not engaged in actual war is so narrow in his sympathies, so hidebound in his prejudices, as not to wish these daring navigators of the underseas well?

[Washington Star:] "Think of having a food dictatorship!"
"You can get used to it. Our cook has been successfully operating one for years."

[Awwan:] Nitts: That guy would certainly make a good soldier.
Ignitz: Howasat?
Nitts: Oh, you can treat him, but he won't retreat.

Green Grass Growing All Around

BY EUGENE BROWN.

THE long list of popular outdoor pastimes in our beloved State would be rankly incomplete did we overlook that of putting in a lawn. Outside of running for office or earning alimony there is nothing like lawn-making for sustained exercise.

A young lawn demands the same slavish devotion as is exacted by a 17-year-old bride. If you abandon it for twenty-four hours it may curl up and die. This is not the haphazard pronouncement of a man of letters but the assured spiel of a party who knows.

I have put in a couple of lawns myself and the lawns are able to speak and glow in living green for themselves. Women who have had babies at odd times will understand the complacent adoration in which I hold this achievement. When I see a mirror I involuntarily exclaim: "Yep, that's the eminent guy that put in that lawn that people stare at." Any man that keeps up a live lawn earns his money. If I had been drawing down the same salary as a grateful nation extends to Woodrow Wilson the time I have given to coddling and barbering my lawn would have meant \$16,928 in money. Yet if I ask \$350 more for my place they call me a robber.

In the East grass seems to spring almost spontaneously from the soil and a man can show up a pretty fair lawn in a month or two. But in California grass must have plenty of wet goods and if you give it an abundance of water the weeds will get the best start and choke the grass to death. Then it is up to you to revive the corpse and destroy the invader.

Which is some job. When I first acquired a shack in our present prosperous and passionate State we held counsel and decided that a certain blackness of landscape would be relieved by a patch of lawn around the house. At this moment there appeared at the door a slightly unkempt party who seemed to be a specialist on putting in lawns. According to his own confession he had nurtured the patch of grass around Buckingham Palace and the British nobility considered their lawns as sodden failures unless they had his care and attention.

He was the man who put the blue grass in Kentucky—so he said. Come to find out he was only the party who put the sod in Sodomy.

After measuring my lot and making various computations through the aid of an arithmetic and seed catalogue he announced that he could put me in a fine, upstanding lawn of a lush green complexion for the sum of \$67 in lawful money of the United States. I felt in my vest and discovering I had only \$53 in the world decided not to debauch him by offering it, but to do the work myself.

That's where my career began. I quizzed several people who had had lawn experience and they all seemed to insinuate that the better plan would be to hire some sturdy son of Nippon to do the whole business and then lie in a hammock and watch it grow.

But I had made up my mind to do the work and as my mind is rather cumbersome in the making I didn't want to unravel it. So I kept to my intent.

I consulted the seedsmen and obtained some literature on the subject. I learned from them that the first and most important step was the purchase of about fifty pounds of grass and clover seed and a hundred dollars' worth of fertilizer.

"Nothing doing," said I, with the insouciance of a professional. "I have telegraphed a sample of my lot to the Bureau of Soils and they wirelessly me back that all my dirt needed was a dash of bone meal. I have been saving up my soup bones for two weeks and tomorrow I shall grind them up in my coffee-mill, and that will be about all—so no more at present."

"Oh, well," retorted the seedsman. "If you're one of these wise ginks that know it all, go ahead."

And he made a motion like washing his hands.

I spent a couple of days in spading, grading, harrowing and pulverizing the patch I had decided should be lawn. I leveled it off by drawing a long piece of scantling over it and finally got it so it looked nice enough to sleep on. Then I was advised to let it "set" for a couple of weeks. I was to water it every night and give the weed seeds in the soil a chance to sprout and show themselves. If there happened to be a raft of them I

could spade up the place and start afresh. If there were not too many of them I could pull them out and go ahead with my sowing. There were millions of them.

So I took a fresh start. When I got my patch in shape again I had to decide what to plant. Most folk recommended about ten pounds of blue grass to three of white clover, but as I expected to use the clippings for the refreshment of my hens I decided to make it half and half—the poultry being more partial to clover.

When it came to buying the seed I found that I could get along with less than some of the exuberant dealers wanted to sell me. I learned that a pound of seed would easily plant 250 square feet of lawn. Some of those gents would have sold me a pound to the square yard if I had let 'em. In the matter of sowing I had several suggestions. One man wanted me to sow it through a ladder, but I wanted to use the kitchen salt-shaker. We finally compromised by mixing the seed up with a mess of wood ashes and shaking it through a coarse sieve. Also I was advised to nail shingles to my feet so that my shoes would not make nasty dents in the smooth, soft surface of the soil.

After the seed was properly sown I raked it in and was then advised to roll it. Rolling and cutting is what makes the firm and beautiful lawns of old England, you know. I asked the ladies of the neighborhood to come over and do their rolling and banting on my unfledged lawn, but they turned up their noses at the invitation and told me to do my own rolling. Finally I had to borrow a roller and haul it half a mile to have the job done.

Then I watered it, sprinkled it with sawdust and began to await results. That night Judge Perry's cow broke loose and came over to my place on an observation tour. She walked all over the site of my lawn and left massive dents in the freshly-rolled soil. In the morning any Sherlock Holmes could have told that a curious heifer had wandered around my front yard and, finally tiring of waiting for the grass to grow, had gone home.

I told the judge about it, but he tried to make me believe the gashes were made by angleworms, so I shot him and buried him in the back yard. Then I had to putty up the holes in my young lawn and sprinkle in some more seed.

After that there was more watering and waiting.

At the end of the week I would come out mornings with a field glass and get down on my knees to see, if possible, the first signs of green life.

On the tenth morning it came.

It was what we call red root!

Then in rapid succession came marvia, sorrel, alfalfa, jimson, tumbleweed and numberless other prolific pests that infest the California soil. I arose in my anger and asked why when I sowed grass I got weeds?

The seed merchant said that the weed seeds came with the water or were still in the soil. He assured me that his blue grass and clover were screened and sifted and cleaned so that all weed germs were completely obliterated. The water inspector declared that the weeds came with the lawn seed and there was no such thing as weed-proof seed. There were other opinions—all blaming it on something else—until I was constrained to the belief that I must have crept out stealthily in the night and injected the weed germs into the soil with a squirt-gun.

But finally little straggling shoots of grass came up, looking like hairs in an incipient mustache. They seemed frightened at the arrogant weeds and indeed the struggle appeared hopeless.

So we took up weeding—at first as a pastime, then as a duty, and finally as a job of drudgery.

Experienced agrostologists, botanists, herbalists and goats have classified 1365 distinct varieties of California weeds. I found all these in my lawn and in addition discovered ninety-three new specimens not in the catalogue or the last city directory. I bought all the differing species of weeding tools and found most of them miserable failures. They were mainly made for grown-up weeds, while I desired to root mine out while they were still infants. I wrecked three penknives and several kitchen forks. I put in two or three hours a day for several weeks before I had made any

serious impression on the weeds. I found that even my grass was counterfeit. A lot of it was devil grass, Bermuda grass and Johnson grass. The latter is named after Gov. Johnson because when it once gets rooted it sucks all the moisture and nutrient out of the soil and it hangs on until you pretty nearly have to plow up the place to get rid of it. Also part of my clover was the burr variety, which is likewise an unpleasantly persistent spreader.

Out of one square yard of lawn I removed \$529 juvenile weeds and then tired of counting. As the lawn thrived, however, everything seemed to take an interest in it. Dogs and chickens scratched in it to see if it were really as green as it looked. Strong men came to me to sell me different kinds of fertilizer that were necessary for its advancement. Others wanted to sharpen my lawn mower or interest me in different sprinkler attachments for my hose. After I had fully freed the lawn from its first crop of weeds an enterprising Japanese boy dropped in and offered to keep it clean for \$2 a week. But that was all he would do. He wouldn't water it, or clip it, or cut out the border, and so his offer was declined.

Another visitor was a wild man who had escaped from Patton and who said that a lawn was a delusion, a snare, a pit-fall and a bone of contention. What was really wanted was the restful, soothing spectacle of a smooth, green surface, and this could be easily, quickly and permanently obtained by merely rolling the soil and then painting it the exact shade of green desired.

I told him that I had heard of a painted desert but never of a painted lawn, and so we parted in anger.

As time passed and the water meter clicked and the mower whirled we gradually acquired a lawn that was worth while. It was surrounded by a cedar hedge that also demanded constant barbering. The day was divided into three shifts. We had eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for monkeying with the lawn. But when people began to stop and comment on our greenery, or ask our recipe for a real lawn, we began to feel that we were cashing in on our investment. It was worth while, after all.

Now I am numbered among the lawn worshippers. I get out at daybreak to behold the glories of the greenery when the first rays of the sun strike the glistening globules of dew. The splendor of the hills is all about me, but my eyes are only for the little bunch of grass I call my own. I have fought for it with nature, the gophers, the rabbits, the birds and the tax-gatherers, and now I thrust my nostrils into its soft surface and nibble the succulent shoots after the manner of a frenzied Assyrian king.

Indeed, when I was on my knees on the lawn the other day, browsing on the tender clover blooms, a little girl exclaimed to her mother: "O, mamma! Look at Mr. Nebuchadnezzar."

I had green grass growing all around.

When Langley Didn't Speak.

[Detroit Free Press:] Representative Langley of Kentucky is a Republican, and when he first ran for Congress he went to make a speech in a county that was mostly Democratic. Langley had never been in the county before until he entered the race for Congress and knew little about conditions there. One of the things he did not know was that the county was noted for its almost complete absence of colored people. The people there for years had made a specialty of keeping out the negroes, simply because they had a prejudice in favor of an exclusively white community. That being the case, a Democratic politician named Van Zant, later State chairman in Kentucky, arranged with the liveryman where Langley would have to go for a rig, to give him a colored driver.

When Langley arrived innocently on the scene, alongside of his colored driver, Van Zant walked up to him and inquired in a loud voice:

"Which one of you gentlemen is going to speak first?" The crowd then laughed so hard at Langley that he was unable to speak at all.

[The Christian Herald:] As the stage coach careened toward the edge of the cliff, the timid tourist gazed anxiously down at the brawling stream 300 feet below.

"Do people fall over this precipice often?" she asked.

The driver clucked to his broncos. "No, madam," he returned placidly; "never but once."

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Fear as a Factor in Disease.

THE importance of fear as a factor in disease has been recognized for centuries. Moreover, there has been little change throughout the centuries in the type of fear, or the particular things feared, which influence disease. In a general way it may be stated that the things most feared are the ones we least understand; and the truth of this assertion may often be demonstrated by the method of treating certain fear-produced ailments. This treatment consists essentially in ferreting out the actual cause of apprehension, and banishing the mystery by explaining it.

"We fear the unfamiliar; the things of which we are ignorant," says Prof. Patrick of the Northwestern University Medical School. "German students are timid about bare knuckles but not a bit afraid of the Schlaeger that hacks their faces to pieces. The boldest financier may be inexpressibly scared about his liver. The one almost universal fear of the human race is Hades, or what follows death—the one thing of which we all know absolutely nothing. But to this rule there are notable exceptions; exceptions which show what a fundamental and powerful emotion fear is, what a primitive race we are and how we still are largely controlled by instincts and emotions; not by knowledge and judgment."

Fear of Unknown Diseases.

In the nature of things, the average person's knowledge of most diseases is vague and, generally speaking, largely incorrect. And probably the least understood of all the misunderstood ailments is insanity. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the fear of becoming insane occasionally playing an important role in the cause of disease. The following case, as cited by Prof. Patrick, illustrates this; and shows, also, how obsessed by fear of the unknown really brave men sometimes become:

"A few years ago there was referred to me the most noted pugilist of his day, a specimen of perfect physical manhood, known to be not only fearless in the ring but peculiarly care-free if not careless. He was suffering with what were considered rather vague and baffling nervous symptoms, principally insomnia, lack of interest, and moodiness. A careful analysis soon revealed that some trifling symptoms due to high living and domestic friction had served to put the idea into his head that he was losing his mind. This phobia was his sickness, and the fear so possessed his soul that he was good for nothing until he got rid of it. Needless to say, the patient himself was quite unconscious of the nature of his trouble."

Another case, illustrative of the same thing, is cited by Dr. Patrick, as follows: "A sheep rancher of Wyoming was referred to me because of insomnia, loss of appetite, abdominal distress, general nervousness and inability to look after his ranch. What really was the matter with him was fear of cancer of the stomach. The phobia completely unnerved him and caused him enormously to magnify every bodily sensation. But was he a nerveless coward? Decidedly not. There was a time when the cattlemen of the Far West made sheep raising a hazardous occupation. Through these dangerous years he lived without a tremor, though he never went to sleep without a rifle by his side. Once he was informed that three cattlemen had started out 'to get him,' and the information was correct. He mounted his horse and, properly armed, rode to meet them. As he expressed it, he 'talked them out of it.' In other words, he outgamed them."

The Cure for Fear-produced Diseases.

These cases, which might be added to almost indefinitely from the records of veteran physicians, illustrate the fear that may be engendered by mysterious things in persons whose bravery cannot be questioned. They suggest also the method of treating the condition, which consists in explaining the cause of the fear so that it is no longer a mysterious thing; and this form of treatment is the one usually adopted by successful physicians. In commenting on this, Prof. Patrick says: "How can 'tonics' or

'sedatives,' change of climate, a vacation, tacking up a floating kidney, lifting up a prolapsed uterus or rest in bed and massage eradicate fear? Would a winter in Florida, a trip around the world, an operation for hemorrhoids, or strychnine pills make a sinner less afraid of eternal punishment?"

"The way to remove fear is to show the patient what it is and then teach him to demonstrate to himself that it is groundless. In short, educate him out of it as he has been inducted into it. If a child is afraid of a dark room we do not give him soothing syrup and tell him there is no room and no darkness. Nor do we suddenly throw him into the place of dread. We explain the darkness and the entire absence of anything to be feared. Perhaps we light the room and then make it dark again. Then, when we are sure he is ready for it, we take him kindly but firmly by the hand and lead him into the dark room, or perhaps only to the door or part way in. Finally he goes in alone, and when he has fully demonstrated to himself that there is nothing to be feared, of course he is not afraid and he is cured. We are only children of a larger growth. And not so very much larger either."

Vindicating an Ancient Remedy.

Some new remedies are better than the old ones. But certain ancient remedies still hold first place in the estimation of most physicians. Thus, a canvass of the subject made recently by the editor of the Medical Review of Reviews among the teachers of medicine in our most prominent American medical colleges showed that the three-centuries' old drug, opium, is given first place for therapeutic value. The twelfth place of honor was awarded to castor oil, a "household remedy" which has retained its popularity for some 3000 years. Considering the hundreds of drugs under consideration, and particularly the array of new laxative remedies—vegetable, mineral, animal, and synthetic—the place given castor oil in the honor roll is certainly well earned.

Since the outbreak of the European war the price of castor oil has advanced very materially, not because we import our supply, but on account of the demand for our product abroad. Indeed, America produces the best oil for medicinal purposes, although the castor oil plant is grown in almost every country on the earth. The oil is obtained from the castor seeds which are softened by slow, gentle heat and then subjected to hydraulic pressure. The first run of oil obtained by relatively light pressure is reserved for medicinal purposes, while the later product is used for lubrication. As a lubricant for fine machinery, such as aeroplane engines, castor oil stands without a rival.

Therapeutic Uses.

The Pharmacal Advance summarizes the various therapeutic uses of castor oil as follows: "It is agreed by most, if not all, authorities that castor oil is the blandest, most unobnoxious, most thorough, and least depleting of any purge in the armamentarium of medicine. Its thoroughness is undoubtedly accounted for in its slow action and thorough lubricating properties. It is said by many close observers to have a secondary sedative effect. It goes through the bowel practically as a bolus or en masse and cleanses them more thoroughly than any other purgative."

"It will sometimes purge if rubbed into the abdomen. In infantile bronchial catarrh a teaspoonful will afford marked relief. It is the ideal purgative for infants and children, enfeebled, aged and convalescent. It is especially adapted to disease attended with irritation or inflammation of the bowels, as colic, diarrhoea, dysentery and enteritis."

"A drop of castor oil in the eye will often relieve irritation caused by sand in the eyes, or by granular lids. Recent reports show that some cases of severe neuralgic headache may be cured by the use of small daily doses of castor oil. How it acts is not known, unless it unloads the bowels and so prevents toxemia, which in turn has caused nervous irritation."

At one time it was thought that old, rancid, foul-smelling and bad-tasting castor oil was more effective than the fresh and more

refined product. Such is not the case; and the process of refining has been so thoroughly perfected that the best modern product is almost palatable. Also it is more effective than the crude, rancid product.

Food Preparations from Grapes.

The pulp and juice of grapes have considerable food value on account of the carbohydrates they contain; but as the food value of these carbohydrates is practically destroyed by fermentation, and as the prevention of fermentation is difficult, grapes have heretofore played an inconsequential part as sustaining articles of diet. Recently, however, Prof. Bertarelli of Milan discovered that if the pulp and juice of grapes were mixed with milk, ground meat, or the yolk of eggs, a relatively stable article of food could be made.

In this mixture the sugar of the grape combines with the proteins of the milk, meat, or eggs, in such a manner that fermentation is prevented. Moreover, this combination preserves the proteins so that they keep much longer, and are rendered more readily digestible. As a result, the grape-growing regions of Italy are producing these new articles of diet in various combinations, which not only enhance the value of the grape crop, but make a palatable and valuable addition to the country's food supply.

The New Public Health.

Dr. Hibbert Winslow Hill, in a book entitled "The New Public Health," has crowded into one small volume not only an amazing amount of useful information about health and hygiene, but an even more amazing indictment of our ignorance about health topics in general. Incidentally, he calls attention to the important role that women play in the restriction and spread of epidemics, and the burden of drudgery that sickness always places upon them—that is, upon the obsolescent type of old-fashioned women who still believe that housekeeping and child-raising are part of woman's work.

"Call the population of the United States 100,000,000. Remember that, sooner or later, every member of each generation suffers from at least one infectious disease, often from two, three or four, and it is clear that every generation suffers anywhere from 100,000,000 to 300,000,000 attacks of infections. Each generation pays out at least ten billions of dollars for this running of the gauntlet, not to speak of the disability and death of those who run it unsuccessfully. Tuberculosis, diphtheria, summer diarrhoea, scarlet fever, measles, typhoid fever, whooping cough, chickenpox, to name only some of the best known to the laity—how much sorrow, distress, poverty, how much 'making of none avail' of mothers'

hopes and prayers and wearing effort have these caused! Yet so common are they that 'children's diseases' are looked upon as a necessary stage, almost a joke. Indeed some people deliberately expose their children to them, 'to have it over with!'

"Yet who bears the burden, the sleepless nights, the extra work, the hope deferred? Ninety-five per cent of the infectious diseases are nursed at home. Next to the children themselves the ones who suffer most are the mothers."

An Iroquois Artist.

[Christian Herald:] Several excellent teachers among both whites and Indians have been bred on Iroquois reservations. One young woman, Nellie Patterson Gansworth, has distinguished herself along the lines of arts and crafts. She won a scholarship at Philadelphia Museum and Schools of Industrial Arts. A Mohawk girl, the granddaughter of Chief Running Deer, has achieved European fame in the art of dancing. Miss Deer has appeared for the royal families of Bavaria, Norway, Saxony, Denmark, Hungary and Russia and has received several medals bearing royal arms. Another Mohawk, Oskenton, has a fine baritone voice and is studying grand opera in New York.



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FREE TESTIMONIAL. Mr. Joseph Cook, prominent druggist on Downey avenue, says: "I have been fitted repeatedly by the best oculists in Los Angeles, but I never knew what sight and comfort glasses could afford until I had Dr. C. C. Logan fit my eyes."

FREE TESTIMONIAL. MISS MARY SHEPHERD, prominent School Teacher, 1345 Vista St., Los Angeles, says: "I have had my eyes examined by many eye specialists and had them treated and eyes dilated several times before getting glasses. But my glasses were never as satisfactory as the glasses fitted by Dr. C. C. Logan, Vienna Eye Specialist, at 341 South Spring St. He used no drops and fitted my eyes perfectly the first time."

Dr. Logan's Office is Ground Floor, 341 S. Spring St.

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HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAIN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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Saturday, August 3, 1916.]



THE eternal feminine! Well, what of it? Of course, femininity is eternal, and the Eagle is ashamed of you humans for the tone of sneering contempt which the expression "the eternal feminine" carries in your mind.

Why, every product of the human mind that is worth most seethes, swarms and scintillates with reference to the eternal feminine. Every real product of the imagination or fancy, whether in plain prose or decorative poetry, in nearly every page and nearly every paragraph, bulges and bulks, bubbles and boils with reference to the dear creature. Yes, and most of you scribes are pharisees and hypocrites when you refer to the lady in tones of contempt. Yet your literature is full of sneering, sarcastic, scathing references to womanhood. You know you don't mean it, but you just think it smart to refer to the female of your species in terms of contempt and irony.

Go back as far as you like in your literature and you will find these slurring references to the companion of your bosom. Plutarch, in speaking of Marcus Cato, says he regretted three things in his life—one of which was that he once confided a secret to a woman. The miserable old grouch! Women bear secrets in their hearts that would blast from the earth half the male sex of the species, if they didn't with wonderful courage keep them shut up from the world. From Robert Heywood, a contemporary of Shakespeare, to Rudyard Kipling, English literature just teems with contemptuous references to women. Heywood was a collector of proverbs, and when he writes that woman is like a cat, having nine lives, he is merely recording the impression of the male sex

going back for generations. Even divine William himself is not without these unworthy references to women. Perhaps in his case there was a reason. You know Tom Carlyle refers to marriage as a lottery in which there is a bagful of snakes with one eel in it, and the man puts his hand in with the expectation of grabbing the eel. Shakespeare, by all accounts, married a vizard, and her name was justified by her acts. For she had a way that was decidedly disturbing to the great poet.

Well, so it goes on down to Rudyard, with his rag and bone and hank of hair. Your Eagle has referred to English literature as being offensive in this respect, and he uses the word English with deliberation. The Eagle is proud to say that American literature is comparatively free from this taint. Lovely Lowell, beautiful Bryant and Nathaniel Hawthorne, as well as gentle Washington Irving, are stainless in their every page in the lack of unworthy references to the eternal feminine.

The Eagle is discussing this subject because of two events of recent date. The other day the great journal that carries the Eagle as its emblem printed an interview with Rider Haggard, who spoke very contemptuously of women. He ought to know, for was he not the author of "She"? The English government sent Haggard on a roving commission over the world to find places in the sun; any old spot in which Britishers may find a comfortable position after the great war is over. Romancers are generally impractical men, and the wonder is that that great practical government of a great practical people should select such a dreamer for such a job.

The other incident which is provoking the Eagle to discuss the subject of the eternal feminine is the fact that an English woman blew into Los Angeles the other day by way of South Africa, Australia, and heaven knows where else, with a vision of America being swamped with English women when the war is over. She says they have got tired over in her country marrying half-men, with one ear, one eye, one leg or one arm, and that they are coming to America to annex a lot of clean-limbed, clear-eyed Americans with all their faculties and all their limbs and outward flourishes.

This reminds one of the saying of an Eng-

lish writer of years ago, who declared that England was a paradise for women but a hell for horses, whereas Italy was a paradise for horses and a hell for women. Things must have changed in old England from that day to the days of Tennyson, for does he not say in "Locksley Hall," when lamenting the defection of his Amy shallow-hearted, that she married a boose-heavy boob who, when his passion had spent its novel force, would hold her a little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Now your Eagle, fellow-Americans, is talking of today and not of some other day, and his opinion is that the American woman is in clover all the time, and that America is the real paradise where the eternal feminine finds all the joys of life. Your Eagle's opinion is that the American woman who marries any foreigner is putting her foot in it badly; yes, thrusting her head into a noose, which, if it does not strangle her will make her breathing difficult. Look at lovely Consuelo Vanderbilt and the wretched rose who has made her life miserable in every way. So of American men. Your Eagle thinks the American who goes to seek a wife outside of his own country is putting himself in a position where his opinion of women is too likely to be that of the poets and romancers of English literature. She is the most spirituelle, fascinating creature that ever God made.

But these opinions of the Eagle are all aside from the mark. He thinks this flood of English women who are coming to America after the war are likely to find husband-hunting more exhilarating than profitable. In the first place, most American men are of the Eagle's opinion that their own countrywomen make the best wives from any point of view that they may regard the subject. Then this English woman, who is the forerunner of this great army of unmarried females from across the water, and those who are to follow her, would better look into the statistics before they come in such very great numbers. They may think there is a great superfluity of unmarried men in America, but if they do they have not counted with the Census Bureau of the country. If they find this superfluity of men they will make a discovery not made by the enumerators who count the noses of the United States every ten years.

These spinsters hunting husbands in America, when they cross the briny deep, otherwise called the big ferry, will for the most part hit the American shore somewhere on the Atlantic Coast. Now, from Maine to Florida and around most of the Gulf States there is absolutely no superfluity of unmarried men to be attached by these man-hunters from across the water. Out in the wild and woolly West there is a little predominance of the masculine gender over the eternal feminine, but these are about as easily caught by a husband-hunter as a grizzly bear up in the mountains.

In 1910 the census of the United States found a total of over 91,500,000 individuals of all ages in the whole continental United States. Of these the superfluity of males over females amounted to barely 2,691,978. Now, remember, this is of all ages, from the cradle to the grave, of all colors, and of all sorts and conditions of men. The proportion of unmarried men to women is only 106 to the thousand. Note, furthermore, that ten years before there were 104 men to the thousand, and that this has increased by more than one and one-half in unattached masculinity in the ten years.

There is room for a good many English women to come to this country to make a good living. But it is not by attaching unattached men as husbands that these opportunities exist. There are millions of opportunities for these bright, buxom visitors to get well fed, well clothed and have money to spare in working in somebody's kitchen for pay. There is a great deficiency of cooks in America, but no deficiency of wives. There are other opportunities, too, but in these other openings the newcomer will find more competition and harder to overcome on the part of the American girls than they will as cook-ladies. The eternal feminine is not given so much to matrimony as she was, and yet nearly every American man who wants a wife can soon find some woman as willing as Barkis.

Yours,
The Eagle



ISN'T it jolly to be a jail matron who is suspected of being overworked? See how the clubwomen fly to arms in their defense. If they hadn't been jail matrons we might never have known what good, earnest, entirely commendable persons they were. And not even then if they hadn't been overworked.

Being an overworked jailer isn't the same thing at all. Couldn't get the "mothers of men" to take that amount of interest in us. Masculinity has to be grateful if it is worked at all, the more work it has to do, the more privileged it should feel.

But it is going to be a bit fearsome if the women's clubs are going to take a strenuous public interest in the labors of all employed females. This equality-of-labor business that we have heard so much about—it doesn't mean quite that. The women have always insisted that both their intellects and their physical capacity enabled them to compete with men on a basis of equality. Indeed, they have assured us that they work much harder as a mere housewife, whose labors are "never done." But it is pretty evident they now mean to have the privileges of both sexes, and not necessarily the responsibilities of either. Time was when nothing would induce women to stand by their sex. Now they look like overdoing it. If a member of a woman's club is elected to office, no matter what she does or leaves undone, the whole club rushes to her defense, writes effusive indorsements of her good character—one suspects them of keeping printed slips for the

purpose—and generally creates a hubbub. We can't prevent that, but we might arrange that our masculine clubs perform a like service. Think how inspiring it would be if every man that accepts public service in any capacity could rely upon having his sex kick up such a hullabaloo whenever he was in trouble!

The Sorrows of Satan.

NOTICE how good we are all getting! Brotherly love, politeness, the unvarnished truth and all that sort of thing. Advertisers specializing in "conservative" eulogy of their goods; trade guarantees of your money back; shocked alarm at café dancing; righteous disapproval of seductive fashions; open horror at cigarette-smoking; better babies; prison reform; patriotism; chain letters—oh, yes, especially chain letters; peace societies; morals efficiency commissions; vacation homes; relief funds; social uplift and rescue work; clean-up days; tag days; silent prayer for the community; public economy; adopting orphans; planting trees; charity fetes and performances; reviving poetry; pensioning teachers; listening to the outpourings of college professors; night schools; America first; uplifting the new citizen; prohibition; civic centers; parent-teacher associations; Billy Sunday; rooming-house ordinances; abolition of roller towels; early closing; full pay for volunteer recruits; mother's pensions—goodness, why, we are just cōsing with virtue at every pore! In the cause of goodness we are prepared to make absolute nuisances of ourselves. Satan must be having an awfully dismal time of it. Why, it has become so pronounced that we have to hunt round for sin, to headline even the most modest crimes in our newspapers, to kick up a dust about the most minor offenses. The world must be pretty virtuous when we can get excited about dancing and cigarette-smoking, and abuse Hetty Green for mere sins of omission. When to be rich is the heinous crime and not to be recklessly generous an incredible sin.

Chain Letters.

HOW many chain letters have you had? And how do they affect you? It seems to me that every friend I ever owned has

started sending out chain letters and they all choose me as an addressee. I am asked to send a dime to this and a dime to that and a dime to the other society, and to send three, six or ten more letters to other innocent victims and make them do the same. And it is nothing unusual to get several chain letters for the same purpose, each bearing a plaintive plea that I do not break the chain, as it means a loss of \$50, \$100 or \$500 to the cause if I am so remiss. If I kept up faithfully with all the chains that have been wound around me I shouldn't have time for very much else.

And it takes peculiar strength of mind and stoniness of heart to break those confounded chains. One wanders about with that dismal loss of dollars on an irritated conscience and cordially curses the sender who picked one out for a victim. And with the full knowledge that if one doesn't break the chain, all the victims one selects oneself will be cursing us as cordially.

By one mail I received two chain letters on behalf of disabled soldiers, one for French orphans, and a chain prayer for peace. A generous response to them means two letters to send dimes, one to send a quarter, eighteen letters to other victims, considerable mathematics in working out proper numbering, and the copying out of six long prayers, to say nothing of a young fortune in postage stamps. A nice thing to let a busy man in for, to say nothing of a journalist who may or may not possess the necessary affluence to disgorge dimes and postage stamps, and eat at the same time. But behold the concluding plea: "Please do not break the chain, as it will mean a loss of \$500 to the good cause." Was ever moral tyranny more ruthless?

And the conundrum of the week is, Did I or did I not break those chains?

Marie Corelli on the Warpath.

I SEE Marie Corelli is on the warpath again in the London papers. She is loquaciously deploring the sinful folly of extravagance in fashions, food and pleasure in which she declares Britain is steeped. She reserves a tornado of invective for the gay restaurants which she obviously considers should be closed forthwith.

Now from all accounts the first place a poor devil, released on a few days' leave from the trenches, searches out, is a gay restaurant and a good meal, in the company of his lady friends, who are at pains to dress up stylishly for the occasion. What more natural? How his heart must offer up a prayer of gratitude for the restaurant. How pleasant it must be to see his women folk still courageous enough to dress up in his honor. What better could be designed to take his harassed mind off slaughter and sudden death?

And after months of military camp cooking and rations, what a blessed relief to scan a real menu and give a debonnaire order.

And since he is out fighting for his country, protecting it from invasion, what better proof could he ask than to see bright faces and find good meals awaiting him? He has helped protect his country to good purpose and he returns to tell the glad tale in the trenches. They have not suffered in vain. And Marie, preaching a doctrine of gloom and demanding that those who stay at home at least pursue a course of imitation suffering—they have been fighting for her, too. Why deny them that merry little interlude of food and laughter and bright lights? Would they really be happier to find everyone tearful and subdued—a positive reflection upon their gallantry, a faulting of faith in their ultimate triumph?

My Flag.

A piece of cloth a-flutter in the breeze; Some might deem it but a gaudy rag; And yet my heart beats faster at its sight, Because—it is my country's flag.

It may be faded, or it may be bright, It may be small, or of dimensions grand; It matters not to me its hue or size, Because, it is the symbol of my native land.

Long may its folds in peace and glory wave, O'er the land where dwells the free and brave, And when for me the sands of life shall pass, Beneath the Stars and Stripes make thou my grave.

JAMES T. HAGNY.

8 SA TV STRIKE UNION Brotherhood Says Ra Believes Co to Pre Public will Traffic Declaring of railway em United States national crisis in the death o tions participa bers, vice-presi who arrived fr lamed a clea statement of t between the rd who have thi traffic of the mands are me "I believe servatively," "when I state employee to conditions will selling in lossi lione of dolla man, tourist, ment itself will the loss keenl PRES "The Ameri for just so mu more. The e roads, who h of the public used it to suc own interests, beyond the lin "Wall-infor over believe t enginemen to their demands and working have, means t ganization the efficient work will no doub trainmen, but which they a pass out of ex Mr. Cham cent of the b in sympathy the movement affiliation with feel duty-bound Speaking only and for that the place of t en ly compet the organiz CUNGR "I believe thortiles will action in the evelling the an enormous Co bear up the e doubt have a doubt the President the crisis in present injury the stimulant to the ground to take some to if the dim

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OUT-O'-DOOR LIFE.

The Rural Review. By M. V. Hartranft.

Lemon Tricks.

THE Importers of Italian lemons are up to their old tricks again. They promised to keep the American markets well supplied with lemons, if the Democratic administration would lower the import duty so that they could do so. The tariff was lowered and the industry in California suffered a severe shock; but the lemon importers have not kept faith. In spite of the noisy announcements, it now appears that they have caused a great shortage in the summer supply for the American markets this year, and as a result of this shortage during the heated term the lemon market has been soaring upward at an alarming rate.

The California supply had been estimated at about twenty-five carloads per day for the months of July and August to take care of the territory that is not easily reached by the importers of the Italian lemons at the port of New York. Owing to the tricky handling of the market by the importer's union, dealers throughout the Atlantic Coast area have had to turn their attention again to California's supply of lemons, and as a result during a large part of July over fifty carloads of lemons were shipped each day from this State. This was of considerable temporary profit to our growers, but it is disarranging to trade conditions, and will undoubtedly make a further shortage in the supply for August. It is doubtful if trade requirements can now be properly met with.

The importers of Mediterranean lemons have had a temporary profit on the present market, but it seriously impairs their claim to being able to properly supply the American markets.

Southern California has planted many thousands of acres of lemons which will be coming into bearing in the next two and three years. These plantings were made under the stimulation given the industry by the high protective tariff. It is fortunate for the welfare of California and for the best interests of the United States that these large plantings have been made. Whether the faithful planters shall be slaughtered by these tricky manipulations of the market will depend upon the action of Congress upon this matter. The lemon tariff must be restored and held firmly in place until California lemons have come into control of the market, as our oranges have done.

Cover Crops.

The season for planting cover crops approaches. We hear of many cases of difficulty with cover crops in the San Fernando Valley last spring. On account of the dry spring, several orchardists in that section, who had not prepared their ground properly, were caught with a heavy growth of cover crop which they had difficulty in turning under. It is predicted in the San Fernando region that many of those who suffered in this way last year will refrain from planting a cover crop hereafter.

It seems strange that anyone should encounter a difficulty of this character. No one should plant a cover crop without taking into consideration the danger of having to irrigate during the winter, or at least in the spring after the crop has matured. To do this it is necessary, of course, to sow the seed of the cover crop and harrow it in; then to mark out irrigation furrows exactly as though one intended to irrigate at once. In this way, one may turn the irrigation water down the furrows at any time during the winter or spring, in order to get it into shape to plow. The seed pushed out by the furrow-marker will work into the sides of the furrows and in various ways be properly taken care of.

Winter Rains.

The subject of cover crops brings to mind the thought of winter rains. Southern California had a fearful shock from floods last winter, and the lesson has been delivered home in all directions.

We note from the Orange Post that the water companies of El Modena and Villa Park, which get their supplies from the Santiago Creek, have initiated the work of flood prevention and water conservation by the construction of check dams at the head of their canyon. The two local water companies have made an appropriation of \$500



AN OVERHEAD RAIN MACHINE.

If you have water piped under a pressure of forty or fifty pounds, the overhead system is ideal for foothill slopes. All sprinkling must be done on land which is thoroughly covered with mulch. Ordinary galvanized pipe, with holes drilled three feet apart and three-sixty-fourths of an inch in diameter, may be used in series of six lengths (120 feet) with a water pressure of fifty pounds. Such a pipe may be mounted on low stakes or suspended at any desired height in the air, with a sprinkling radius of thirty feet on each side. For alfalfa pasture patches on hillsides and for hillside orchard plantings the overhead system is superb.

each for experimental work in building retarding dams in the Ben Iron Canyon, a tributary of their main stream. A crew of ten or fifteen men are now at work to check the flood water and conserve it. The character of the work was decided upon after the board of directors had visited Haynes Canyon in Los Angeles county. If the experiment work proves successful, the local water companies will continue appropriations each year until the whole canyon is subdued.

Walnut Tree Records.

A block of forty-five Placencia Perfection walnut trees planted at Santa Susana in 1907 has been the subject of some book-keeping that is mighty interesting to all orchardists. It shows the variation of yield in different trees. The yield in pounds for each tree in the past four years is shown by the following table:

Tree	1912	1913	1914	1915	Total	Ave.
19	44	48	65	90	247	61.75
12	38	42	60	72	212	53
23	32	41	66	72	211	52.75
32	30	37	58	78	203	50.75
18	30	40	52	67	189	47.25
11	22	43	50	57	172	43
9	..	38	48	66	152	38
31	20	28	55	48.5	151.5	37.875
36	16	31	48	55.5	150.5	37.625
3	20	31	45	37	133	33.25
87	20	28	38.5	46	132.5	33.125
0	10	25	44	47	126	31.5
33	7	22	37	56.5	122.5	30.625
7	6	21	41	48	116	29
25	14	17	34	40	115	28.75
24	12	30	25	41	108	27
26	23	39	21	32	105	26.25
5	10	36	12	41	99	24.75
30	13	18	35	31.5	97.5	24.375
41	13	18	28.5	37	96.5	24.125
21	10	14	32	39	95	23.75
29	14	12	33	33	91	22.75
39	8	13	30	35	86	21.5
20	22	19	11	29.5	81.5	20.375
44	10	13	19	35	77	19.25
10	19	16	16	26	77	19.25
14	7	26	31	12	76	19
6	3	17	23	25	68	17
1	6	15	10	20	51	12.75
43	3	9	13.5	21	45.5	11.375
42	9	7	12.5	17	45.5	11.375
22	..	3	12	25	40	10
40	6	2	12.5	15	35.5	8.875
2	7	14	..	12	33	8.25
27	11	13	..	10	34	8.5
16	..	2	5	25	32	8
8	..	4	8.5	17	29.5	7.375
15	..	3	10	14	27	6.75
35	..	5	6	13.5	24	6.125
24	..	1	2	6	9	2.25
38	..	3	..	5	8	2
38	4	4	8	2
Average of entire block.....					23.887	

The best tree in the bunch of forty-five yielded an average of 61.75 pounds. Two of the poorest trees yielded an average of only 2 pounds per pear. The complete average of the entire block was 23.887 pounds per annum. These records were taken from the work of Robert Oxnard in the development of the Tapo ranch at Santa Susana, as given in the Pacific Rural Press.

In this same ranch 250 acres were planted with walnuts of the Mayette variety, inter-set with apricots. Two years after planting, however, it was decided that the four-to six weeks' delayed spring growth of the Mayette variety was a loss at Santa Susana, even though it were an asset in colder sections. Mr. Oxnard's company therefore budded and grafted the 250 acres of Mayettes over to Placencia Perfections, and used the buds from the best-producing trees of the forty-five referred to above.

It will be noted that tree number nineteen was a constantly increasing heavy producer after records commenced at 5 years old. Mr. Oxnard claims that the extreme variations in yield from an average of sixty-one pounds down to two pounds per season per tree are not due to disease, insects, or noticeable difference in the soil. The highest producing trees stand in a diagonal strip through the square. Most of the difference is credited to the individuality of the trees; and it indicates that many walnut orchards contain trees that do not pay rent on the ground they occupy.

It is Mr. Oxnard's intention to maintain records of these original forty-five trees to see if the poor ones catch up in their mature years with the yields of the better trees.

State Aid Declined.

The Citrus Fruit Exchange, after carefully investigating and studying the subject for several months, has decided not to become an adherent of the State Bureau of Distribution, as outlined by the committee appointed at the San Fernando fruit growers' Convention. The officials of the exchange set forth that their organization is a voluntary association of orange and lemon growers, organized without capital and operated at actual cost by themselves for their own benefit. The doors of the exchange are open to any grower who is not now a member.

The real pinch in this question consists of the fact that the exchange attempted in 1903 and 1904 to affiliate with all other shippers to perfect a complete system of distribution. The intense failure of that project has firmly imbedded the leaders of the exchange in their avowed policy to plow straight ahead. State Market Commissioner Weinstock presented a plan very different from the one originally tested. It varied from the old marketing agency of 1903 and 1904 to affiliate with all other

of the individual selling agencies, but merely contemplated control of distribution.
Pig versus Pup.

The bankers in many sections are realizing the value of pig club work as a means of materially improving rural conditions, according to club agents of the department. Not a few of the bankers have made it possible for worthy club members to secure pigs on their personal notes. In this way a well-bred pig is secured and the member can pay for it from the proceeds of the pig as a meat animal or from the sale of offspring in the case of a breeding animal. The member enters into a business agreement (with the parents' consent) with the banker, and is in this way relieved of the stigma of charity, which is the result when a pig is given outright. This arrangement is a practical means of teaching business methods to the rural young people. It is also a character-building process, for it is but natural for a boy when treated as a man to act in a manly manner.

This apparent generosity on the part of the bankers is in many cases business acumen. A case in point is that of a Texas bank. The president of the bank placed 325 pigs among the pig-club members of his county. As a result of the acquaintance made in securing and placing these pigs many new patrons were secured. These patrons brought in over \$75,000 in individual deposits. Needless to say that this was a profitable business for the bank, but it is also a means that will increase with time in its beneficial influence. One of the Texas papers states that the banker "has laid the foundation for a prosperity which will be lasting. The boys that he has helped to get started in the hog business are now on their feet financially, and before many years they will be making big shipments of hogs to market each year. The money received from the sale of hogs will be expended in further developing the country. Every merchant in the county will profit, the banks will get more deposits, and the farmers will have more money with which to further develop their farms."

Tree Temperature.

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself is to be considered, since its temperature is about 45 deg. Fahr. at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 deg. So, it will be seen, a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

It is for this reason that municipal experts contend that trees should be planted in the tenement districts of large cities. If, they reason, the air can be made cooler and purer by trees, fewer children will die of heat ailments. As more city children die during the months of June, July, August and September than in any other period of the year the importance of the suggestion has received widespread notice.

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Present many the admistr to the ground to take some If the diff treated-which likely because leaders of the proposition-3 the interest- as, being the subject th men not intin outcome, and in the confidenc the official be the official Accompanie Chambers, and railroad mear til September and vacation and ern California are staying at

SLANDE Efficiency Dis by Comm-It Slope, Se Offend Priv

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PIONEER Services to b for Late i One-time and F

The funer McCormick, last Tuesday 9:30 o'clock Church of S Internment w bury Mr. McCor ther of Bupe and former



Saturday, August 5, 1916.

Saturday, August 5, 1916.

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly.

CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

Getting There.

THE industries of Los Angeles and the section about are increasing in variety, and in every way growing apace. One of the greatest developments has been in metal industries. Some years ago this section was dependent upon the East for everything in the way of metals used in Southern California. We are rapidly working out our own independence. This is illustrated by a contract secured by the Southern California Iron and Steel Company to furnish bolts and rivets required in aqueduct extensions. The original contract was awarded to the Baker Iron Works, the Lacy Manufacturing Company and the Western Pipe and Steel Company, all local concerns. This original contract amounted to about \$750,000. The three concerns have sublet the bolts and rivets to the Southern California Iron and Steel Company at \$35,000.

The Southern California Iron and Steel Company was originally known as the California Industrial Corporation, but changed its name to the present style about two years ago. When the concern, some time ago, blew in its first open-hearth, oil-burning furnace it was a sensation here in Southern California. This first furnace had a capacity of fifteen tons a day, supplemented later by one of thirty tons capacity. With this capacity of forty-five tons a day the corporation can handle a great deal of business. The company has expended \$150,000 in the last two years on its steel plant. The steel mills are thoroughly modern, and when installed a little over a year ago marked a new era in metal working in Southern California. The works include a twelve-inch blooming mill, a fourteen-inch break-down mill, and a nine-inch finishing mill.

All that is needed now is an ore smelter, and this enterprising company is very seriously studying the question of establishing one. The pig iron now used here comes from China for the most part, although there is plenty of iron ore in the San Bernardino Mountains and elsewhere in the Great Southwest. The difficulty about establishing a smelter lies in the fact that there is no coking coal near at hand. Various experiments have been made in smelting iron ores by means of crude oil and gas, and while it has been announced from time to time that processes have been found successful, yet these hopes have proved abortive.

On the Map Now.

FRANK SIMPSON'S big hotel on the corner of West Sixth street and Grand avenue in Los Angeles is in the direct line of soon becoming a concrete fact. It will be eleven stories high and cover an area of 80x60 feet. The whole depth of the lot is 120 feet, and the intention is to double the capacity of the hotel at some future time. Plans have been drawn by Morgan, Walls & Morgan, and the contract for excavating the basement has already been let. The building will be reinforced concrete, and will be as high as the city ordinance permits, containing 150 guest rooms, each with private bath, and finished in mahogany. On the ground floor will be all sorts of usual accommodations in hotels. The improvement will cost \$400,000.

Santa Monica Pier.

THE North Beach pier at Santa Monica is giving a new impetus to real estate and other matters at that beautiful beach. The old Southern Pacific property, where the station of the railroad used to be, is not far from the North Beach pier, with its immense amusement features. The Southern Pacific land is owned by a couple of local capitalists who are about to subdivide the market. They have already made extensive improvements on the property. For example, Applan Way, which formerly stopped at Seaside Terrace, has been carried northward through the middle of the property as a sixty-foot street to Colorado avenue, where it connects with the new highway being built along the foot of the Palisades to Santa Monica Canyon. There it connects again with the Topanga Canyon route and the State highway. When this link of the road north of Colorado avenue is completed Applan Way will become a part of the automobile drive extend-

ing along the shore line from Santa Monica Canyon to Playa del Rey. Another important improvement is the extension of the roadbed of the Pacific Electric air line, made by electrifying the old Southern Pacific steam line which passes under the Ocean avenue viaduct and along the northern edge of the property to Ocean Front promenade. This route is said to be the only one on the Coast landing passengers directly at the surf.

The Looft pier is spoken of as one of the marvels of the southern coast, although it is yet several weeks from completion. It is claimed that when finished it will be the largest in point of actual floor area not merely on the Coast but in the United States. It will extend out to sea a distance of 1055 feet, and with the municipal pier, which it adjoins, it will be more than 300 feet in width.

Ramona Acres.

THIS beautiful residence district in the heart of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley has been a great success in the hands of the Janas Company, which has handled it for the last three years. The population is quite important there, and the grade school just completed at New Ramona Acres is a notable feature in the San Gabriel Valley. The school is constructed of brick and contains eight class-rooms as well as a large auditorium. The cost is about \$45,000. There is scarcely a week that The Times real estate department fails to chronicle a number of sales to new actual settlers in this addition to the original Ramona Acres. It is an acre proposition, where the settler can secure a full acre of land for \$1500 or less. It is admirable for chicken ranches, and on an acre an industrious family can easily raise fruit and vegetables enough for its own use and pay the grocery bill out of the products of the chicken yard. It is so convenient to the city that business men can easily come in about as quickly as from the more distant parts of the city proper.

In Antelope Valley.

AN IMPORTANT transaction in Antelope Valley lands took place about two weeks ago in the transfer of 320 acres at Five Points, about nine miles northwest of Lancaster. The transfer was made to George S. Marigold, who already had large acreage in the vicinity. He now has 2800 acres. It is directly adjacent to the big 1000-acre tract owned by Frank Hart of the Southern California Music Company, and not far from the 640-acre tract being put into alfalfa by San Francisco interests. The price of the property transferred is reported at \$16,000.

An Ill Wind.

WHEN the Los Angeles Investment Company, through bad management if not actual criminality, blew up like a bomb some years ago, it was decidedly an ill wind to a great many unfortunate investors in the ill-fated stock of the concern. In the hands of new managers, honest and competent, the old defunct concern has been put upon its feet and converted into a vigorous business entity. The old managers left a great bunch of bungalows on the market, and these have been largely disposed of by the new managers. A recent account of a cleaning-up sale reports the transfer of nearly a dozen of the bungalows to new actual owners. The great bunch of stuff left by the defunct concern was put in the market at very reasonable prices, and in this way the ill wind blew good to the new owners of these pretty bungalows.

Lankershim Flourishes.

UNIVERSAL CITY is a film concern known all over the United States. It is situated in the San Fernando Valley not far from Lankershim. The concern employs a great many people in one way or another around the scene of its activities. This creates a demand for residences in the valley, particularly at Lankershim, where twenty-five families are reported waiting for places to live. This suggested to the Business Men's Association the project of constructing a bungalow court for the use of these employees in Universal City. The same association is considering the advisability of constructing an athletic clubhouse for the

use of an organization which has doubled its membership in the last few months. The Bonner Canning Company of Lankershim recently purchased 2000 tons of northern peaches to be used in its plant, besides taking all the regular run of fruit from the immediate locality. Two hundred and seventy-five men are employed in the plant. Dairying has become a staple business at Lankershim, and the establishment of the J. B. Lankershim dairy has done much to give an impetus to this industry. The whole valley is a great place for poultry, and the poultry-raisers are campaigning for the establishment of a poultry school with headquarters in Van Nuys.

The Cafeteria Idea.

THE cafeteria is a Pacific Coast idea very popular, particularly in Los Angeles. The idea was born in the head of a Los Angeles woman eleven years ago, when Miss Helen S. Mosher, who had been conducting a lunch counter in Jackson, Mich., removed to Los Angeles and developed the lunch counter into a cafeteria. She associated with her two other women and opened an eating house to which she gave the new name in a room containing seventy-five tables and a long steam table where the provisions were kept warm. The idea took root, and in a little while the women opened a second one in this city, and then one in San Francisco. At the end of seven years they sold out, and Miss Mosher's share was a clean-up of \$40,000. Ideas pay.

Van Nuys Progress.

VAN NUYS is a wonder, even of Southern California, for the rapidity of its growth and the substantialness of its development. So great is the demand for building in the new city that a building association has been established known as the Home Investment Association, a branch of one from Redlands. Although the office was opened only a short time ago, loans are reported applied for and approved to the extent of \$15,000. A contract was let a couple of weeks ago for \$10,000 worth of new bungalows. These will have five to seven rooms, will be erected five at a time, financed by the new association. There is not a vacant house in the townsite of Van Nuys, and this is a condition that has existed for a year.

Imperial Highway.

BETWEEN Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley there is a great deal of traffic. Then the road between the two points is a long link in the ocean-to-ocean highway. Part of the road, particularly in the Coachella Valley, is subject to damage by winter floods. The property-holders in this valley are planning to protect their property from these floods, and this will protect the road. For years the money expended on this highway between Banning and the Riverside county line has been of very temporary value. The winter floods come down the Whitewater River and smaller streams and wash out much of the road. The property-owners of the Coachella Valley have formed an association and elected trustees with the idea of doing something to lessen the destruction by these winter floods, which will be of importance not only to the people of the valley but to the numerous persons who use the road between the two points.

Educational Preparedness.

A COUPLE of San Francisco school teachers visiting Los Angeles during July took up The Times one morning, and an item of news there caught their eyes. One said to the other, "Just think, Los Angeles appropriates more than \$5,000,000 for school purposes this year." San Francisco and Los Angeles are not much apart in the way of population, but San Francisco is way ahead of Los Angeles in the capitalization of her finances and the value of her property. Yet the money appropriated for educational purposes in Los Angeles astonished these two San Francisco pedagogues. The Board of Education of Los Angeles is taking time by the forelock in putting the schools in order during vacation so as to have them ready when school opens. Additions and improvements have been ordered for a great many of the schools in the city.

Floating Tuna Cannery.

TUNA fishing has become a great industry off the coast of Southern California. The Van Camp Canning Company last spring announced that they would build and equip a floating cannery for use this year. They have had plenty of time to do it, for the fish have been very backward in biting this summer. However, the sea chicken has made up its mind to come to its senses and use its meal tickets at last. The big floating cannery is operating down off of San Diego, and the concern is reported to be an abundant success.

Through Cars to Redlands.

BEAUTIFUL Redlands, perched up at the side of the San Bernardino Mountains, is rejoicing at the prospect of having direct electric car service with Los Angeles. The Pacific Electric people have let a contract for the material for building the bridge across the Santa Ana wash between Redlands and San Bernardino. As soon as this bridge is completed and the track ballasted in a few places, through cars will be run between the metropolis and the mountain city. The bridge will cost \$30,000. It takes some bridge to carry the 100,000-pound steel cars of the Pacific Electric Railroad Company.

Churches Grow, Too.

EVERYTHING grows in Southern California, not only even churches but especially churches. The Christian churches of Southern California held their twenty-eighth annual convention during the last part of July at Long Beach. The secretary reported the membership as 18,548 persons. The total number of accessions during the past year 3324, with losses of 2138, leaving a net gain of 1186. The total amount of missionary funds received was \$12,700, while the amount handled for missions during the year was \$50,000. It seems to be a democratic body, for 3000 delegates were present.

Footprints of Prosperity.

THE value of all Arizona property for taxation purposes for the current year is put at \$480,887,681, an increase over last year's figures of \$67,557,387.

Plans for a highway to be built between Los Angeles and Pasadena were filed recently with the Board of Supervisors of the county. The Southern California Automobile Club is behind the movement. It would follow a scenic route, and be the third automobile trunk line between the two cities.

The bill passed by Congress appropriating \$5,000,000 toward the construction of good roads having been passed, the Department of Agriculture has certified to the Secretary of the Treasury the apportionment to the different States. California gets \$151,063.

The cantaloupe-shipping season in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, is now about at an end, with 660 carloads sent out thus far. Prices ran to more than \$4 a crate at times, and the average grower's profit is estimated at \$135 an acre.

The California Orchard Development Company has secured an immense tract of land between Hemet and San Jacinto aggregating 1147 acres at a cost of \$300,000.

The packing-house to be constructed at Whittier by the Murphy Oil Company is to be built at once, the contract having been let for \$100,000.

The largest body of timber ever offered for sale in the Pacific Northwest has been placed on the market, consisting of 720 acres on the watershed of the West Hood River, Oregon, and is estimated at 350,000,000 feet.

Home building in Los Angeles still goes on in boom fashion. Among recent permits was one for a ten-room residence at No. 543 South Wilshire place, a second for a ten-room residence at No. 723 South Serrano street. Work is in progress on a ten-room house at Lafayette Square, and another one is about to be started in the same subdivision of the same size. A nine-room house will soon be started in Westchester place between Ninth and Tenth streets. Plans have been completed for an eight-room house to be built in Hollywood, and the contract has been let for a seven-room house at No. 851 Windsor avenue. Of the building of bungalows there is no end.

A Los Angeles contractor has secured a job to build a hotel to cost \$350,000 at Colorado Springs for the Santa Fe Railroad Company.

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

Color of Flowers.

AN OFFICIAL of the Department of Agriculture when in Los Angeles told the writer that every department at Washington is constantly besieged by an army of would-be press writers, who vainly imagine they may be able to entertain the dear public with a few facts expanded to fill columns. In the same city there are numerous syndicates that send out such matter, and all the respective writers know about the subject is gained in interviews of a few minutes each, as above stated. If one dissects these articles he will find many blunders in the midst of a host of statements so weak and washed out that there is no value in them. Time spent in reading them is wasted. One disposes of the whole subject of blue and pink hydrangeas as follows:

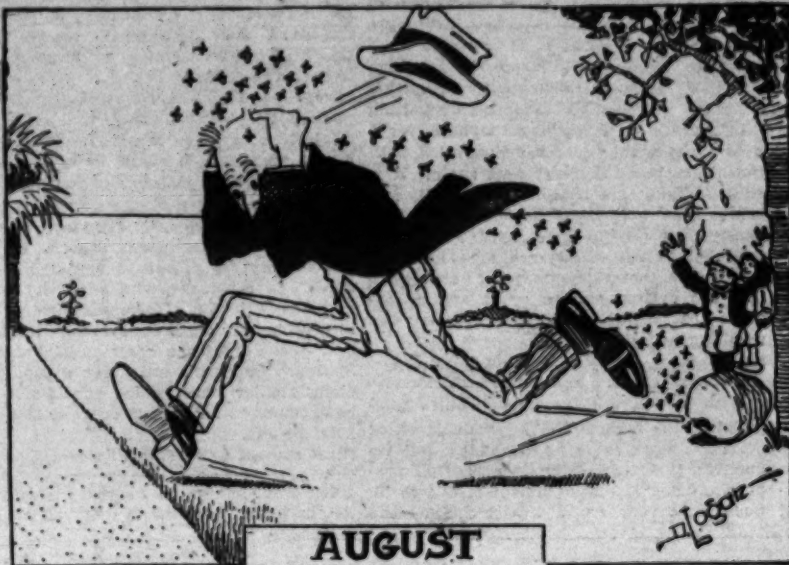
"A great number of people express keen admiration for hydrangeas, and many have wondered why cuttings from the blue hydrangea produce pink blossoms for a short period after being planted. Authorities believe it is because of some property in the rich new soil in which the hydrangea is planted. After a while the plant becomes 'pot-bound,' and is not so well nourished. When this stage is reached the flowers that the plant produce are blue."

Is this all one could glean on the subject in the nation's capital? The same writer says there are no true blue flowers. Well, a blue is a blue if it appears one, so far as color effect is concerned, and whether they are true or not, we have blossoms of every possible shade of blue right here in Los Angeles—blues that are so "fast" and unchanging as to defy the skill of the chemist to change them through means by which many common flowers of other colors may be changed in a few minutes. The same writer states that old-fashioned gardens of a century ago were richer in variety of color than the modern garden. We have today in all the flowers all the colors and shades then existent and many never known until of late. It is further stated that in parasitic plants the leaves, stems and blossoms are of the same hue. Who does not recall the love-vine or dodder of yellow or orange, thickly studded with white flowers? "Nature never gives her parasites green leaves." Well, what's wrong with the green of mistletoe leaves, some of which are deeper in color than those of the tree from which it sucks its life. "A new color in a flower makes its first appearance at the extreme edge of the petal." Which it does not, except in some purely chemical changes. A plant breeding bringing out gradual changes often gets the desired color first in the throat. It is also recorded that "tiny red spots on flowers are caused by a spider stopping for a few minutes, or a drop or two of rain." Wonderful! But for every one so caused a million are caused by aphids or "green flies."

Bulb Harvest.

Bulbs that bloom in the spring tra-la-la, may be dug at any time during the summer. The writer is now digging bulbs of Spanish iris, daffodils, jonquills, freesias and dwarf gladioli. Some of these stopped blooming but a month ago; others have been out of bloom, with flower stems dried and gone, for several months. All have received the same treatment, having been kept fairly well watered at all times. Not a bulb of any sort shows the slightest decay. As all of these are well ripened they are put in cardboard boxes, without covers, and stored in a cool but very dry place. There is no danger now from drying too fast, or of decaying, except where they are confined in closed bags or covered boxes or other receptacles where fresh air cannot reach them.

If bulbs are dug before curing in the soil, or while tops are still green, they should be stored in damp sand, so the curing process may progress slowly, as the sand dries. Where bulbs grow in clumps, as daffodils and many others do after remaining undisturbed for years, they may be lifted with soil around them and allowed to so remain until time for replanting, when they should be divided into single bulbs. In all cases the place of storage should be cool and



WATCH SHARPLY FOR PESTS, WHICH UNLESS IMMEDIATELY EXTERMINATED ARE LIKELY TO BECOME VERY TROUBLESOME.

August is a good month for seed sowing; trees and shrub seeds, hardy perennials, annuals for autumn and early winter flowers. It is also a good time to put out plants of many "slow" perennials that need to grow a few months before making an effort to produce blossoms. Mums, asters and carnations may still be planted with assurance of early winter flowers. Cineraria seeds should be sown in a cool, shady spot, in box or pan. It is a time to begin feeding chrysanthemums that were set out early and now two or three feet high. Rest your rose bushes by letting them thirst.

dry, for dampness and warmth are conducive to both decay and premature sprouting, the former taking place quickly if at all and the latter, of course, just before one had intended to "plant 'em out next month." Amaryllis and lily bulbs need not be disturbed oftener than every three years, or even five years, and even daffodils, if the space is not needed, may be left for three years. Tulips and hyacinths should be taken up each year if they give any reasonable returns. But as they usually are nearly worthless after the second year it is better to throw them away and buy a new lot. The writer has found choice gladioli may be left two years if soil is light and sandy; if not they are better lifted each year. Offsets from the latter will not keep nearly so long as bulbs, for the little ones have never had a stalk grow from them, and the hard husk and skin so dries and hardens over the inactive germ that the latter cannot get out when it awakens, if indeed it wakes at all. Many growers sow these offsets or bulblets as soon as dug or within a week or two. If kept until spring, soak in water for a day or two before planting.

Resting Roses.

By refraining from watering roses now you may rest them until cooler weather in autumn, and when irrigation is resumed you will get a good crop of flowers. Old roses may be rested indefinitely; in fact until rain starts them into growth, but young roses would perish under like treatment. If the bushes are small and composed of much soft green wood it is better to water occasionally, just enough to keep them growing and give no complete rest. Beware of heavy pruning of young roses planted the present year. Merely prune out small, weak stems, and do not top the others, but allow them to grow another season until they are strong, sturdy canes. Then you shape and cut back bushes to vigorous producers.

YOU CAN SPRINKLE YOUR LAWN BETTER

By using the popular Thompson adjustable Sprinkler Heads. Every permanent lawn sprinkling system should be equipped with them. Cannot become clogged. Can be adjusted to throw any desired spray. Our illustrated folder tells all, free. THOMPSON MFG. CO. Eighth Street and Santa Fe Avenue

ERNEST BRAUNTON,

Landscape Designer and Horticulturist, 237 Franklin St., Los Angeles. The price of a good plan is soon forgotten; the price of a poor one never is. Sites selected, advisory garden calls made; complete plans, specifications and plant lists furnished.

even June or August will do. Then water copiously for two or three weeks and the result will be a fairly good crop of blossoms, though not so heavy as in the spring. There still remains plenty of time to rest them again before the rains will again induce active growth and the full crop.

Brick Steps and Walks.

Nothing is more charming in a garden than steps and walks of bricks, with wall plants growing out of the joints, and allowed to wear off as traffic demands. We are too orderly in America, and few recognize the charm of such effects compared with Europeans. Especially in England do we find these old walks with outcroppings of plants looking for all the world as though volunteer growth; yet they were designedly placed where they grow, each and every one. Weeds should not be allowed such privileges, but we have an abundance of plants which would thrive there without misplacing bricks.

Flowers for Neglect.

Someone asked what flowers will grow without any care whatsoever. What a question for a resident of California! What is the matter with our State flower, eschscholtzia, the California poppy? Surely it needs no care, and the result is never in doubt. We have many, very many more. A bed of petunias is recalled that bloomed every day throughout the summer without a drop of water being applied. The finest neglected floral display in midsummer, known to the writer, was a fence covered with climbing nasturtiums flanking a wide bed filled with dwarf sorts. And such a variety of colors as may now be had is all-necessary, and allow to rest until July, or most wonderful.

Save \$\$\$\$

on Shrubs-Plants-Flowers-Trees

BIG MIDSUMMER SALE!

To reduce our big stock of shrubs, plants, flowers and trees grown at our nurseries on the Whittier road, we offer everything at one-fourth reduction. Hundreds are taking advantage of this big mid-summer sale. This clearance includes all of our finest stock. No inferior specimens. Everything is in the very pink of condition — bright red Salvias, Cocos Palms, English Daisies, decorative Boxwoods and other Evergreens, Tuberous Begonias, the famous Radiance Rose, Chrysanthemums, wonderful Dahlias, Columbine, Ferns, Hydrangeas, etc., etc.

All stock grown at our big nurseries on the Whittier road, and now on sale at our city sales yard in the rear of our big Main street store.

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MINING WONDERS OF THE FAR NORTH.

Conquering Nature. By Frank G. Carpenter.

In Klondike Valley.

THE YUKON GOLD COMPANY'S MIGHTY DITCH, BEDDED UPON PERPETUAL ICE, IT RUNS SEVENTY MILES OVER THE MOUNTAINS, BOYLE'S ELECTRIC TOASTERS THAT KEEP A RIVER FROM FREEZING—AMONG THE MINERS—STRANGE FEATURES OF LIFE AND WORK.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

DAWSON (Yukon Territory).—The wonders of the ancient world were seven in number, and they were all within a short distance of the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea. They were the Pillar of Pharos, on which the light burned near Alexandria; the Pyramids at Cairo; the Colossus on the island of Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, Greece; the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, not far from where Smyrna now stands; the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, on the same coast nor far away, and the gardens of Semiramis at

tion, according to the nature of the ground which it crosses, but at the end the water is delivered at 125 cubic feet per second under a working pressure of from 400 to 800 feet. It comes with such force that it can be thrown against the icy hills at a pressure of over 400 pounds to the square inch, washing down the sands containing the sprinkling of gold dust and adding thereby great treasure to the wealth of the world.

The making of such a ditch in a country like Panama would be easy compared with the work here where Jack Frost is king. Much of the ditch had to be thawed out and cut from the perpetual ice. New methods of road-building had to be devised for the swamps, and men and machinery had to be assembled far in the interior of the country, which, until lately, was thought inaccessible to all but the most daring Arctic explorers. The supplies from the United States had to come a thousand miles

almost half has been won by this sort of mining.

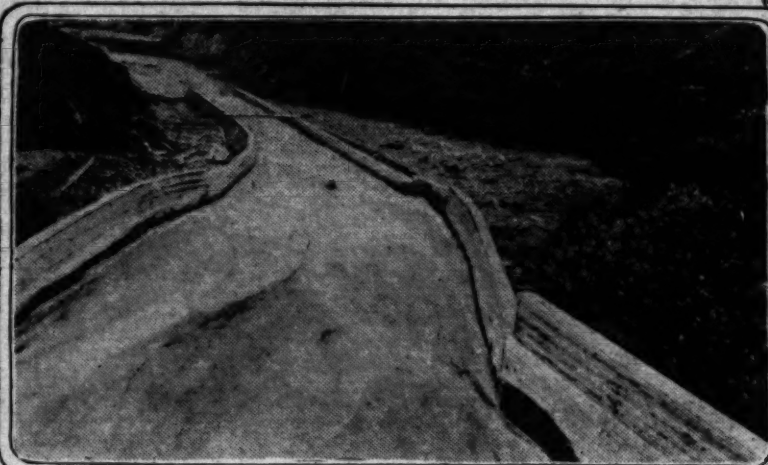
The work is the carrying on of a great manufacturing establishment several thousand miles from the market and the same distance away from supplies. It is in a country that is frozen tight more than half the year, and where in the summer it takes weeks or months to get duplicate parts of the machines from the outside. The work is such that the continuous running of the machines means profit, and the breaking down of a dredge means a loss of thousands of dollars if it cannot at once be repaired. Duplicates of everything must therefore be on hand, and supplies of all kinds of machinery ready to make instant repairs.

The Yukon Gold Company, and the Canadian Klondike Company as well, have great warehouses filled with everything needed for carrying on their operations. They have a number of each part of every machine

The Canadians want a hard wheat flour for bread and a soft flour for pastry, and the cooks cannot do without them.

During my stay here I have gone through the Guggenheim warehouses. They include a number of buildings made for the purpose. One structure, which is kept at 3 or 4 deg. above freezing, is devoted to perishable stuff, such as condensed milk and cream, and all kinds of vegetables. It contains also rubber goods which are affected by frost. Another building has a temperature far below freezing. This is the cold-storage plant. Meat is bought in large quantities, and the supplies for the winter are brought down the Yukon on the hoof, and killed and frozen before the winter begins. There are no thawing spells in this part of the world, and such meat keeps until spring.

At the same camp I visited the stables of the Yukon Gold Company. They have stalls for eighty horses, and are about the largest in this part of the world. The



The ditch at North Fork. 6 miles long and 30 feet wide.

Babylon in Mesopotamia, the land for which the Turks and the warring nations of Europe are now fighting.

The wonders of the modern world are seventy times seven, and they are to be found on almost every part of the globe from the diamond pipes below the equator in Southern Africa to the gold workings in the perpetual ice of the Klondike, under the shadow of the North Pole. I have already written something of how the icy strata are thawed by steam points and how the sprinkling of gold scattered through them is saved by the dredges. I have shown you how a great river valley is being lifted up and turned over to a depth equal to the height of a four-story house, and how from the icy wastes, which the individual gold miners had thrown away as worthless, is now pouring a stream of gold into the rivers of commerce. This is the work in a nutshell. The story of the work in its detail is even more wonderful. I shall mention a few of them in this letter.

The Great Ditch.

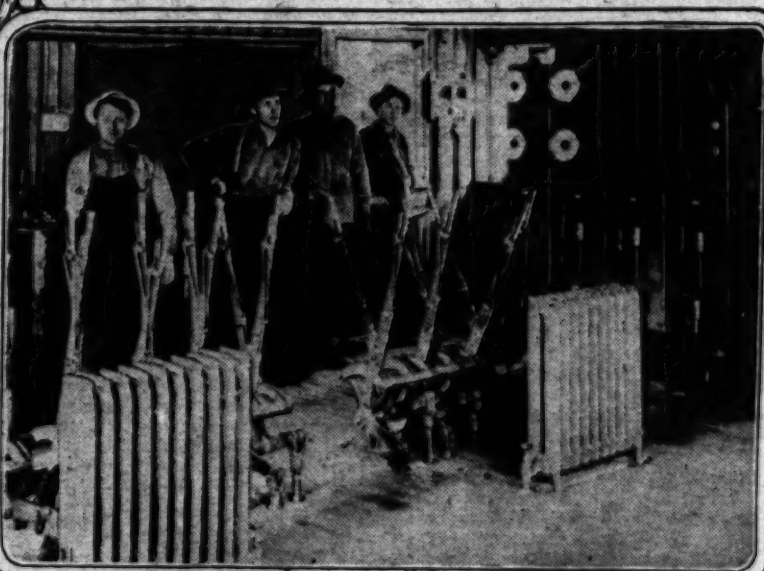
First, let us look at the great ditch gouged out of the ice-frozen strata by the Yukon Gold Company. When the Guggenheims bought what were supposed to be the exhausted creeks of the Klondike, from which the miners had already taken out millions, they found they had to have water to work them, and that with a fall so great that it would tear the earth to pieces when it came through the pipes. There was none available excepting in Tombstone Mountains, seventy-odd miles away. The work of getting it meant the carrying of this river over precipitous peaks, across frozen morasses, through vast ravines, down stupendous valleys and then lifting it again over mountains and delivering it by a great inverted siphon over the Klondike River to the once-famous gold diggings. That is one of the things the Guggenheims did. It took them four years to make the ditch, and it cost them millions of dollars. The ditch is now in operation. It consists of about twenty miles of flume, twelve and a half miles of steel and stave pipes, and thirty-eight miles of ditch. It varies at every few miles in its method of construc-



A few gold bricks. Mr. Carpenter holds a \$5000 brick in his hand.

over the ocean, and then be carried 500 miles more over the mountains and down the Yukon to Dawson. At Panama they could have been landed by ships almost within sight of the works. Here the machinery had to be taken in pieces and dragged by horses and dogs through almost inaccessible wilds.

People who have never done work in Alaska or along the Upper Yukon cannot appreciate the difficulties under which these men are successfully laboring in getting from 30 to 60 cents' worth of gold out of each two-horse wagonload of ice-frozen earth. That it is done at all is a wonder; but it is a greater wonder that it has been done at a profit which runs high into the millions. Altogether in the neighborhood of \$300,000,000 worth of gold has come out of the Valley of the Klondike and the beds of the creeks that flow into it; and of this



Inside a great dredge.



Buckets of ore from the bed of the Klondike.

that they use, and repairs for electrical equipment, steam equipment, and every possible sort of machine shop and foundry for repairing broken parts upon notice.

It is the same with the supplies of food for their men. They are bought by the ton, and with a regard for the demands of the miners. One has to understand the working force to know how to order. For instance, the first importation of groceries was based on the demands of the Guggenheim mining camps in California. The United States miners are fond of coffee, and this was sent with the supplies by the thousands of pounds. It lay in store. These Canadian miners would not have it. They drink tea instead of coffee, and have tea for breakfast and dinner and tea for supper as well. Another peculiarity was the flour needed by the baker. In the United States we use the same flour for bread and pastry.

stables are of wood, having double walls lined with paper to keep out the cold. Long rows of steam pipes run back and forth over the heads of the horses and these are kept hot throughout the winter. The horses stand upon board floors well above the ground, and every care is taken to give them the most healthful conditions. They have electric lights that are turned on a part of the day in winter.

Next to the stables is a warehouse in which the feed for the horses is kept. They have now something like \$50,000 worth of baled hay on hand, and a like quantity of oats. Hay sells from \$70 to \$100 a ton, and oats brings a little bit more. The most of the supplies come from the outside, the native hay not being considered as good as that from the States.

The miners and other employees of these big dredging companies are well treated.

Fall and Winter Feathers.

Developing and Fostering Poultry Culture.

Pin Feathers and Wing Flights.

The secretary of the New Zealand Poultry Association, among other things in his annual address, called attention to the demand for stock of economic values rather than fancy points after the close of the present war. Accordingly, the fancy will emerge from the war stronger and healthier, and men will lay less stress on peculiarities that minimize the value of standard birds and give place to economic characters that will help egg production.

BY MRS. A. F. PETERSON.

What the French have done the Germans and the British have done likewise. These "troops of attack" are a development of modern warfare.

The funeral
McCormick,
last Tuesday,
9:30 o'clock
Church of St.
Interment will
tary.

Mr. McCorm
ther of Super
and former

MINING WONDERS OF THE FAR NORTH.

Conquering Nature. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Saturday, August 5, 1916.

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Illustrated Weekly.

The lowest wages are \$6 a day, or \$4 a day and board. There are many men who receive from 70 to 90 cents an hour, and the foreman and superintendent get excellent salaries. There is great competition for the best men, and each company treats its laborers much better than similar organizations in the United States. The labor is scattered over the territory where the different parts of the dredging is done. Each little center has its own camp with bunk-houses as sleeping quarters near by.

In my trip over the works with Joseph W. Boyle I visited several of his camps. The houses are lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and each has its shower bath and other conveniences. The camps have clubrooms with billiards, card tables and plenty of reading material. Each has its own messroom with a Japanese cook, and the kicks come very quickly if the food is not good.

Mr. Boyle prides himself on serving fresh vegetables to his men throughout the greater part of the year. He has hothouses and gardens connected with the camp, and he raises all sorts of things under glass. In the summer he has potatoes, turnips, carrots, lettuce, peas and beans growing out in the open, and also long lines of celery, late and early. Many of the plants are started in hotbeds or cold frames and then set out in the ground.

Raising Cucumbers and Tomatoes.

The hothouse gardens are especially interesting. Most of them are devoted to the raising of tomatoes and cucumbers, which are picked from day to day and served to the men. The center of each of these hothouses consists of a great bed of soil filled with tomato plants set out a few inches apart. Under the glass roof is a network of wire, and from this round iron bars extend down into the soil bed, each bar serving as a stake for a plant. The lower branches of the plant are pinched off, and the result is that the stem grows as thick as your thumb; it climbs straight up to the roof, where it branches out and is upheld by the wire netting. There were a hundred such plants in the hothouse I visited, and all were loaded with green and red ripe tomatoes. About the walls of the same house, on a ledge as high as my waist, were

cucumber vines. They had been trained up the netting along the walls, and the cucumbers hung down from the roof, just like grapes in an arbor. I have eaten some of these vegetables in my meals with the men. They are of a delicious flavor, and juicier and sweeter than those raised out in the open.

The principal camp of the Boyle concessions is at Boyle Creek. This is in the heart of the Klondike Valley, about eight miles from Dawson and not far from the center of the great gold territory for which Boyle has the concession. It was here Mr. Boyle began his first work of getting the gold out of the earth, and here today are the offices and the little cottage that forms his home. His first house was a two-room log cabin. As time went on he built a bigger cabin, and then this cottage, which is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. To look at it you would not suppose it the dwelling of a millionaire miner. It is as plain as its owner, and although there are kitchen arrangements connected with it, the family and guests usually take their meals in the messroom at the same time as the men.

Mr. Boyle's camps have the same sort of supplies as those of the Guggenheims, with all kinds of machinery to prevent any delay in the dredging. Each of his dredges cost in the neighborhood of half a million dollars, and it is estimated that every minute a dredge stops working during the season results in a loss of gold to the amount of \$1.84. This means more than \$100 an hour.

Careful Methods.

Everything connected with the gold working going on in the Klondike is run just as carefully as a great modern factory. Cost sheets are kept, and the operation of the property is based upon the maximum efficiency of both men and machines. Mr. Boyle's dredges have worked for weeks at more than 97 per cent. of their capacity. They are run throughout the season, which lasts from May until the latter part of November, with a loss or less than 10 per cent. in stoppages of any kind. They never put in less than twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, and they go on, day and night, Sundays and week days, until they

are closed by the coldest of the winter months.

Last year some dredging was done late in December, and this year in the middle of January, when the thermometer was 50 deg. below zero, Boyle's biggest dredge was digging as usual. The dredge was steam heated and the men were as comfortable as aboard ship at any time of the year. During the past year some of the dredges have worked for six days of the week, and lost only twenty minutes a day during that time. When it is remembered that a single dredge takes up gold to the amount of \$2000 a day, and sometimes to \$3000 and upward, you will see how important is the length of the season, and that the dredges lose no time by breaks or other conditions.

And this brings me to another of the new wonders of civil engineering in the Far North. It is the invention of Joe Boyle by which he keeps his big hydroelectric plant running throughout the winter, and that notwithstanding the temperature at times falls to 70 deg. below zero. It is so cold here in the winter that if you should attempt to run a spraying machine such as is used in an orchard the water would turn to snow before it fell to the ground. The thermometer keeps down to zero, or far below that, for the most of the winter, and after the cold weather sets in the land is ice-locked until spring. Some of the streams have seven feet of ice over them, and many freeze solid. Nevertheless, Mr. Boyle has been able to turn a branch of the Klondike River into a great ditch six miles in length and drop it down upon turbines with a fall that would create electricity to the extent of 10,000 horse power day in and day out the year through. The amount he is actually using is only 3000 horse power, but the equipment is such that it could be easily increased by the adding of units.

Boyle's Inventive Genius.

There are many electric plants of this kind in the world, but none which is moved by water in such temperatures as freeze the soil and gravel everywhere to seven feet deep, or where the rivers run above strata of perpetual ice. How did Joe Boyle solve the problem? He did it by marrying the common horse sense, for which he is noted, to his genius for practical invention.

He knew that the waters of the Yukon and the Klondike flow under the ice all winter long, and that there is a space between the water and the ice overhead.

Mr. Boyle concluded that it was this dead air space that kept the running water from freezing. It was on the principle of the double walls of the ice-house or of the thermos bottle. The only thing necessary was to make nature furnish the bottle. This Joe Boyle does. He fills his ditch to the top and allows nature to freeze a sheet of ice a foot or so thick upon it. He then drops the water for a depth of two feet and has still a running stream of four feet or more further down. The dead air space above keeps off most of the frost, and in order to add to the heat he installs electric heaters in the bed of the stream, which aid in keeping the water from freezing. These heaters each represent units equaling about 100 horse power. There are comparatively few of them in the six miles of ditch. They do not raise the temperature of the water, but they aid in holding it just where it is. It is the same water falling that furnishes the electricity. Indeed, the water warms itself. It makes me think of a man standing out in the open and violently swinging his arms to keep himself warm.

I went out yesterday in an automobile with Mr. Boyle to North Fork, thirty miles up the Klondike Valley, to where this electric plant is situated. The ditch is thirty feet wide, about six feet in depth and six miles in length. The water flows through the ditch and drops down through great pipes, with a fall of 320 feet on the turbines, and it keeps the latter moving all the year through. As we looked at the ditch, I asked Mr. Boyle how he got the idea of electrically heating the ditch. He replied:

"The idea came to me one morning at breakfast. We had toast and eggs, and were browning the bread on an electric toaster. As I looked at it I thought that we might employ the same principle in keeping the water from freezing. I then got my men to take a lot of telephone wire and make a gigantic toaster, something like a woven-wire bed spring. We had this properly insulated, and dropped it into the ditch. It was connected with the electric plants and the problem was solved."

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A Son Whose Mother Did Not Understand Him.

BY VLASTA A. HUNGERFORD.

IT WAS nearly noon. The village street drenched in the warm sunshine of early August. A warm little breeze blew down the street, setting the leaves afutter, scattering a handful of dust before it, then sprang in a playful puff into the muslin-curtained window of Widow Brown's cottage, gently fanning her heated face as, thoroughly absorbed, she bent over her sewing. Plain sewing it was that she did, earning a nominal sum to help in her own support. A whiff of musketteer on the caressing breeze stayed her busy fingers for a moment; she raised her eyes and gazed out of the window. The widow's cottage was set a little closer to the street than the others in the block, and from her position in the window she could see the judge's home, set like a big capital at the beginning of the next block above. And on the wide-flung lawn before the judge's home lounged two figures in khaki. Her eyes on the stalwart young men, her mind went back, as it had a habit of doing of late, to a time when, a little girl on her father's knee, she had sat listening to the stories of the war. A soldier's daughter she was, through and through.

The kitchen door slammed. Hastily she wiped away the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and glanced up at the clock. She hadn't known it was noon. She was entirely composed by the time her son, a big boy of 21, came into the room. She looked up with a smile of greeting. His eyes wouldn't meet hers.

"It's pretty warm out today," he remarked, wiping his forehead on his handkerchief.

"Sit down here by the window. It's cool enough here," she replied, rising and giving him her seat. "I had no idea it was lunch time. I'll have it ready for you in ten minutes."

She disappeared into the kitchen, while he sat down by the window. A moment later the town whistle blew noon, and in the hush that followed its shrillness there rose a triumphant burst of sound. The town

band was playing somewhere up the street. The widow let her coffee boil over in the kitchen while she hurried in where she might hear the music more plainly.

The band was coming down the street, heading a handful of proud figures in khaki. Standing well back of the muslin curtains, she watched them swing proudly by. This, then, was the reason Philip had gone up to his room immediately after she had gone into the kitchen. He couldn't see the parade from there.

A sudden anger filled her heart for this boy, flesh of her flesh, who was a coward. She didn't want him killed or hurt. Ah, no—not that—God alone knew what that would mean to her. But neither did she want his sneaking away from the eyes of his braver comrades, not daring to meet her own, ashamed when he met khaki in the street, coming home the back way to avoid it. War was a terrible thing to this little woman, who was the daughter of a soldier, but for a man to disregard the call of his country when it wanted him, was, in her patriotic mind, a defect past understanding. And Philip came under this classification.

The band passed on and the street settled back into its somnolence once more. The widow went back to her kitchen.

Presently Philip, with heavy, lagging steps descended. His eyes looked suspiciously bright as they met hers for a fleeting instant, and she fancied a gleam of resentment against her in them. She didn't know that her own held a look of contempt, and that he was misreading her. He flushed an angry red and dropped his gaze to his plate, as though fearing to let her see what was in his mind.

Days passed on. The war situation became more acute. The President issued a call for more volunteers. Two more flags fluttered out their message that two more sons on the widow's street had joined the colors.

Philip grew more and more morose and sullen and shamefaced. The widow felt his attitude toward her growing more and

more strained. This thing which had come between them was growing day by day, hour by hour, until it filled all their communion with overshadowing brooding. They found no comfort in each other's presence, and Philip began staying out evenings.

She began to worry about this. And she would have worried more still had she known of the long hours he spent in endless tramps, countryward, the times he would throw himself down by the roadside, and ask of the dancing stars above that they tell him what to do. But she knew nothing of all this, and wistfully regretted that they had not been closer to each other in the love that bound them, yet permitted of no confidences.

Two days worried along, leaving the widow pale and listless. War was almost certain now. Its terrors oppressed her. Accounts of that other war across the water were constantly in the newspapers—general descriptions of gains and losses that after a while began to ring with a peculiar sameness; an even exchange of give and take in the conflict that numbed the mind to the real purport of it all. But now and again came isolated items of suffering, like bits broken from the whole situation and viewed through a magnifying glass, so clearly and vividly did they portray what it meant, after all. These instances were like sudden flash-lights flaring out here and there on a scene more or less beggared by the matter-of-factness of the press, and they left to the imagination unrevealed horrors more poignantly terrible than those disclosed. On these occasions the widow Brown figuratively strained her son to her breast, thanking God that he had not enlisted.

Then one morning Philip did not come down to breakfast. Vainly she called, and finally went up to his room and knocked upon the door. Unfastened, it yielded and swung back into the empty room. The bed had not been slept in. On the table lay a folded note. With trembling fingers, she picked it up and read:

"Dear Mother: You will think I am an

ungrateful cur, and poorly repaying you for all the work and love you have wasted upon me, but I guess I am a coward when it comes to doing my duty. I ask you to forgive me, and not think too harshly of me, but I can't stand it another day. I have tried, how hard you will never know, to stay and do what I think is right, but I can't any longer. I have saved some money. It is in the bank in your name. If the worst comes to the worst, you have that and the cottage, and with what you do for yourself, anyway, I believe you will make out all right. I know you need me more than Uncle Sam does, but I just can't help it. Ever since this talk of war has touched us, and they have been asking for volunteers, I have wanted to shout, 'Here I am—if you need me!' I didn't, for your sake, mother, but now, at the second call, I must go. We will probably not have war at all, in which case I shall come back to you, but now I want to be on hand, ready if Uncle Sam needs me. Forgive me for being grouchy these past few weeks, and don't stop loving

"Your PHILIP."

The widow Brown, daughter of a soldier, looked up from the letter, with eyes that for the moment saw only bloody battlefields, with Philip lying white and still, face upturned to the pitying stars. Then the greater emotion surged through her at full realization of the sterling worth of the son she had doubted. He was not a coward, then, after all! Down on her knees beside his bed, her face buried in the pierced counterpane, she prayed for his safety.

A little while later she appeared on her tiny porch, an old flag, tattered and stained by time, in her unsteady fingers. It was not a very large flag, but her father had told her wonderful stories about it when, a little girl, she sat on his knees, gravely listening. There, in the iron bracket she had used so many times, and festively, on July Fourth occasions, she slipped the old flag, and, with a sobbing prayer, committed her son to God's keeping.

Illustrated Weekly. Los Angeles Times. Saturday, August 5, 1916.

AUGUST OPERATIONS IN POULTRY YARDS.

Breeding Experiences. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Feather Doings in August.

IN SPITE of the fact that the summer has so far been cool and comfortable, we may fairly assume that with the advent of August we shall experience our first real hot weather. This also admonishes the poultrymen to provide for the comfort of his birds. One of the things to consider is shade, which can readily be provided for even in the absence of trees and shrubs. Most any contrivance will answer, if only a V-shaped frame over which burlap may be spread, or a few pieces slanted against the house and covered with leaves of the ordinary fan palms will prove serviceable. In fact, most any contrivance that will break the direct rays of the sun will be found to answer the purpose. This applies more especially to birds confined to limited quarters on city lots or in situations destitute of vegetation. Birds on free range, or given the run of an orchard, will readily find the shady situations that naturally abound.

On more than one occasion we have cautioned fowl owners to be on the alert for the presence of lice and mites. Their presence is an ever and continuous menace to profitable poultry culture and the comfort of the birds. Hot weather is favorable to the breeding and increase of insect foes. Lice killers, both liquid and powder, are the accepted remedies against vermin. The dust bath is also a preventive, especially for crawling things on the birds. Its efficiency and economy are self-evident.

Of course you have attended to culling out the undesirable of the flock. Only a short time ago detailed instructions on culling were given in this department, to which the interested reader's attention is directed. By penning the undesirable by themselves they can be fattened up in about twenty days and either disposed of or else furnish material for the family dining-table as occasion may suggest. In this way additional room is gained for the layers and breeders, feed bills are reduced and the family butcher bill cut down.

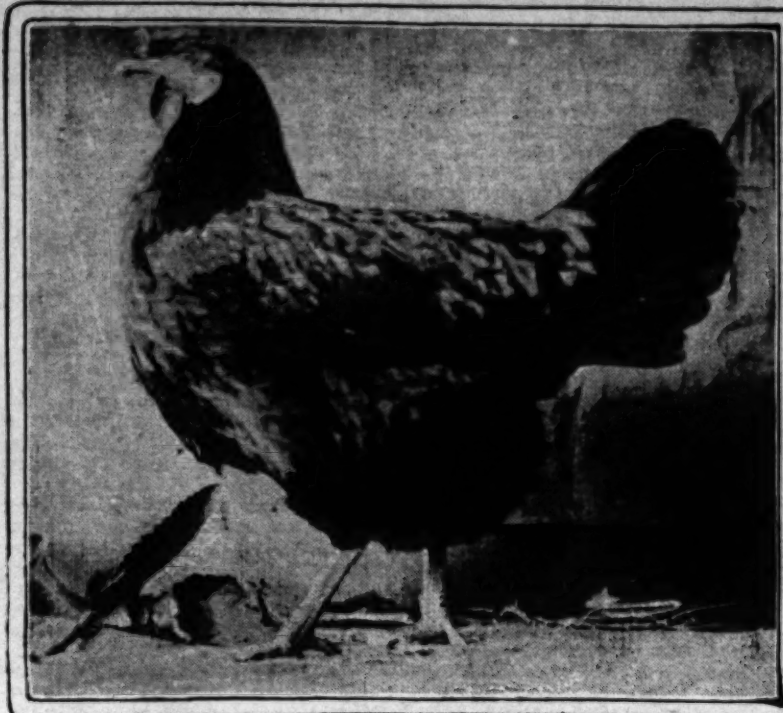
The choice breeders that it is desirable to maintain for another season should be afforded a rest. Separate the sexes and give as wide range as possible. Liberal treatment will also tend to accelerate the molt, which will soon become evident. Birds so handled will grow a cleaner crop of feathers and be in better physical condition for another breeding season. There are those among our poultry friends that breed from comparatively young stock; nevertheless, we confess a liking for sturdy, well-developed males and females, even if they have reached the oslerized age of the poultry yard.

With the young stock nearing its maturity avoid overcrowding as much as possible. If quarters are limited, better cut down numbers, and so afford a better breathing space for those remaining. Cramped or limited quarters are inimical to robust growth and development. Good ventilation, plenty of elbow room and cleanliness are the elements that stand for success.

A week ago we had the pleasure of inspecting a pen of Barred Rock pullets and cockerels selected with a view of exhibition purposes. They were confined in large pens near the home, with a view of rendering them docile and accustomed to the presence of human beings. The effects were quite in evidence. The birds are tame, and by the time the fall show season opens the best from these two pens will be ready for the atmosphere of the poultry show. If you contemplate showing your birds this fall, this little incident carries its own suggestions.

While you are admiring the birds, just bear in mind that hot weather tends to quickly taint the bits of soft food that may be left over after each feeding. When the birds are ranging make it a point to clean up the poultry houses and feeding utensils. Discard the old litter, burn up the worn-out nesting material, sweep down the cobwebs and remove the top layer of soil on the earth floors and replace with fresh. Use a disinfectant or whitewash the houses and thus purify the fowls' habitat and environment.

If an egg farmer, gather your crop of hen fruit daily during the warm weather; keep in a dry place free from bad odors and market every few days. Clean nests mean clean



GOOD TYPE BLACK MINORCA HEN.

eggs, and clean eggs always command the greatest consideration when properly graded as to size and color of shell and packed in new fillers in well-made cases.

An Experience in Breeding.

That the heavy laying hen is the abnormal specimen rather than the average, that excessive fecundity is individual and not racial, is gradually being recognized by the foremost breeders of poultry both at home and abroad. It is a matter that has been alluded to on more than one occasion in this department. We refer to it again in the light of the experiences of E. N. Steane, given in a late issue of the Feathered World:

"My own experience and that of many other breeders tends to show that the birds hatched from high pedigree hens are not such prolific layers as those hatched from healthy hens of an indifferent laying strain, mated to high pedigree cockerels.

"For three or four seasons I bred from 2-year-old White Leghorn hens of a gold medal laying strain, mated to a cockerel of equally good descent, and the results, to my mind, were disappointing, and did not yield an adequate profit on the money spent. The pullets were less prolific than their parents, and inclined to be delicate and more or less undersized, while the percentage of fertile eggs was lessened.

"Then, by a lucky chance, one season I had not enough eggs from a pen of Rhode Island Reds to fill up an incubator, and I made up the deficiency from a pen of good-sized, healthy Leghorn hens of no particular laying strain, mated to a pedigree cockerel. Practically every egg from this pen was fertile, the chickens proved strong, and the results seemed in every way satisfactory.

"This, of course, led to my systematic mating of healthy, well-grown birds of indifferent laying strain to high pedigree cockerels, with very successful results. The fertility of the eggs was extremely satisfactory, the chickens turned out strong and healthy, and the pullets, on arriving at maturity, were highly prolific layers; each pullet averaging 200 eggs and over during the first twelve months, as against about 130 from the pullets of the high pedigree hens, many of whom also died off. In the second year the birds did equally well, the number of eggs being maintained and all being of a good size.

"My experience has shown that with each successive mating of high pedigree stock the progeny has a tendency to decrease in fertility, stamina and vitality, becoming in every way inferior birds.

"Later, I tried the results of mating high pedigree hens to a healthy cockerel of no special laying strain, but without success, the chickens being healthy, but the laying results much below the average, so that

nothing was to be gained by further trials in that direction.

"I am quite aware that many breeders do not agree with my conclusions, and that a great deal also depends on the condition and environment of the birds—prolificacy being always greatly improved by the birds having a free range."

Poultry Culture in Ireland.

Under a recent date a supplement to the Federal Commerce reports some interesting data by Consul Wesley Frost, on the poultry industry in Ireland. Under the fostering care of the Irish Department of Agriculture, livestock farming has made rapid progress during the years just preceding the war, and even under its blighting influence it has maintained its own. The number of poultry in Ireland in 1915 was 26,088,807, as against 26,918,749 in 1914. The total number of poultry in Munster is only 6,105,415, the center of the industry being in Ulster.

The price of eggs and poultry were advanced during the year by the lack in England of Russian eggs and by the cost of meal. The cost of feeding one hen throughout the year was estimated at about \$3. Farmers received 26 cents per dozen from dealers for eggs in the spring months when at the cheapest, and 46 cents per dozen in the autumn. Retail prices were fully 20 per cent. higher. The 1915 prices were about 20 per cent. higher than the 1914 prices, which were higher than any previous figures.

The systems of collecting eggs from farmers have continued to improve, until now most farmers can dispose of their eggs three times weekly. Improvements in shipping and grading are constantly sought, but it is still true that Irish eggs secure a lower price in England than those from Denmark and elsewhere. The Irish Department of Agriculture has established its own egg-collecting depots, and the farmers are said to be dealing with these more extensively than at first. The exports of eggs and poultry in 1915 cannot be stated, but in 1914 the poultry exports were valued at \$5,216,348 and the egg exports at \$16,467,603. Again the Egg-eating Vice.

Mr. Reinhold Kruger of Calexico writes to the Illustrated Weekly Magazine, touching his troubles with the vice of egg-eating on the part of his fowls:

"The vice of egg-eating is rampant in my flock; they eat one dozen, and at times a dozen and a half of eggs daily, while the remainder are often soiled when I gather them at night. Can you suggest a remedy?"

The egg-eating habit, once it becomes established, is not easily cured. Under date of July 8 we published an item covering remedies, which please look up. As supplemental to that, we append some additional remedies and suggestions. As a preventive,

we would segregate the guilty ones from the innocent; this will at least prevent its spreading. The cause for the habit is at times difficult to define; broadly speaking, however, it is simply a vicious habit. One remedy is to fill a blown egg with a mixture of mustard and cayenne pepper, closing up the ends with gummed paper. Leave this in the nests, or where the guilty ones will be sure to get at it, and they will get a dose that they do not like. In aggravated cases it may be necessary to repeat the remedy until the birds become adverse to the habit. To this, powdered aloes may at times be added to advantage. Lewis Wright, the celebrated English authority, recommends carbolated vaseline, which is invariably turned away from with loathing. Be careful to remove the freshly-laid eggs so that the criminals will be sure to tackle the doctored specimens. The importance of isolating the guilty ones is necessary to prevent contamination. To effect a cure will require patience and persistence. In a case like this under consideration drastic measures must be resorted to; we have known of cases where breeders sent the guilty ones to the butcher rather than bother with them. Besides these, there is the additional precaution of providing nests with a false bottom, so that as soon as an egg is deposited it disappears, hence the hen has no chance of breaking it. This can be done by taking a slack or hollowed piece of old carpet, in the back region of which a cross cut is made through which the egg disappears onto a cushion of hay or straw below.

Specialize in Your Business.

As every observer in poultry matters knows, the great bulk of poultry products the country over are produced on the farms where chickens are a side issue rather than a main crop. Especially is this true of the great farming States in the Mississippi Valley. It is this class of an enlightened agricultural practice that affords a good market for breeding stock to the fancier and specialty breeder. These people have neither the time nor the inclination to go into the more complicated business of producing fine show-room and breeding specimens; their commercial aims are in other directions, covering dairying, fruit growing and garden crops. It has often occurred to us that this class affords a splendid outlet for the product of the specialty men. The

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WHEN RICHARD H. DANA WAS AT SAN JUAN.*

An Old Adventure Recalled. By George Gladden.

A GOOD many thousand of boys, not to mention yet other thousands of men who have not forgotten the books of their boyhood, must remember Richard Henry Dana's vivid description in his fascinating and instructive narrative "Two Years Before the Mast," of how the hides were thrown from the cliff at San Juan Capistrano, on the Pacific Coast. It has been my great privilege to make a pilgrimage to this famous locality, and I trust that some accounts of what I saw there, and the results of my subsequent inquiries, may prove interesting to the many readers of Dana's classic book.

The opportunity to make this pilgrimage came to me while I was the guest of friends at their cottage at Laguna Beach, a delightful little summer resort on the Southern California coast, and about thirty miles, as the crow flies, southwest of Riverside, where my friends live. From the veranda of his cottage my host pointed out to me

marked this same color scheme in the appearance of the Pacific off San Francisco.

Again, during my acquaintance with the Pacific along the Southern California coast, it was distinctly more pacific than the Atlantic. Of course, this is its general reputation, and the reason for its name; yet I had not thought that it would reveal this characteristic in the very little of its vast expanse that I saw. This was especially noticeable along the beaches near Laguna. Here the surf, even with the incoming tide, was much less strenuous, as a rule, than is that on the beaches near New York City and on the Long Island shore.

The more or less broken ridges which follow the general line of the coast in this region are, I suppose, really the southern extremities of the great Coast Range. Like many of the hills and mountains in Southern California, they are usually bare of timber, their only vegetation being the characteristic chaparral growths. But the

other, for three hours, maintaining pretty consistently a pace of about three miles an hour. A little after noon I reached the top of a long hill—which had been described to me—where the road winds through a pass. Then I turned abruptly to the southwest, through a field which had been sown to barley, and was not in stubble. At just half-past twelve I picked my way out cautiously to the edge of the bluff, as far as there was any safe foothold, and sat down to enjoy my great reward. Let Dana's graphic pen tell what I saw:

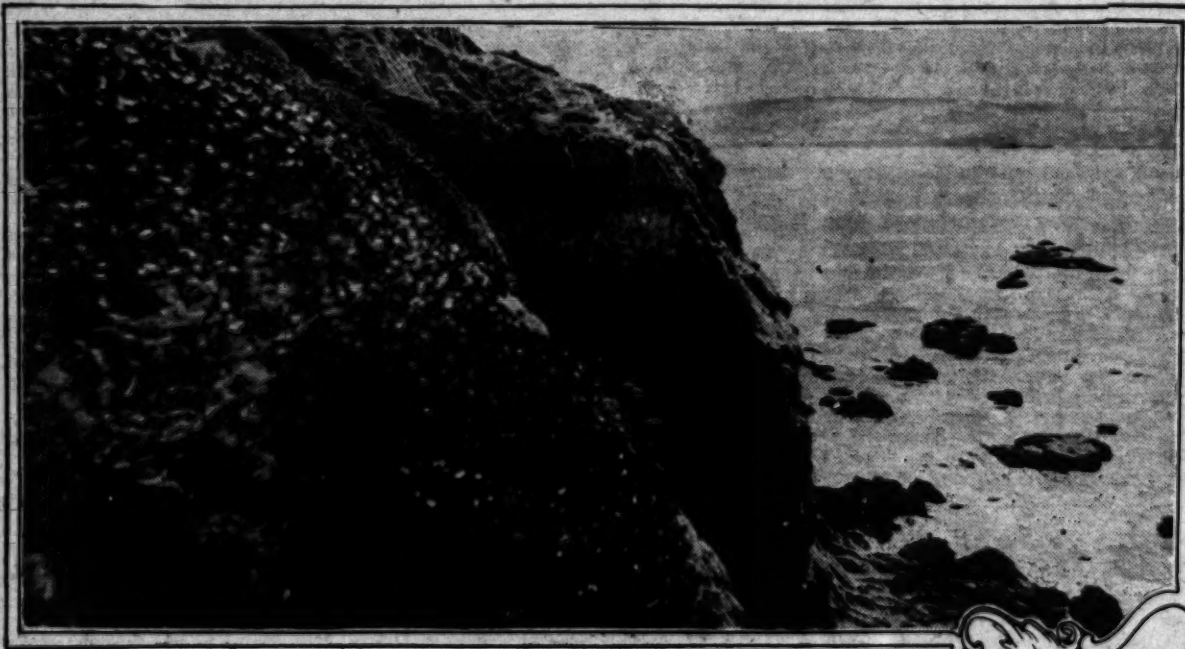
"San Juan is the only romantic spot on the coast. The country here for several miles is a high table-land, running boldly to the shore and breaking off in a steep cliff, at the foot of which the waters of the Pacific are constantly dashing. For several miles the water washes the very base of the hill, or breaks upon ledges and fragments of rocks that run out into the sea. Just where we landed was a small

which the hides were thrown. I had been told that this was somewhere along the edge of "San Juan Point." That point I identified as the bold headland jutting out into the ocean a short distance from where I was sitting. I made my way out on this promontory, clambered around on its edges, and then examined its sides and base from the rim of the neighboring bluffs. I finally photographed it from the north. Then I explored and photographed another and more rocky and picturesque headland near by which I was afterward told was known as "Capistrano Point."

I was puzzled, however, by the fact that neither of these headlands fitted Dana's description of the scene of the hide-throwing. In the first place, both were obviously much less than "four or five hundred feet" high. As a matter of fact, I have since learned from the United States Coast Pilot (which is prepared by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and is famous for its minute accuracy) that San Juan Point is just 231 feet high; and the other headlands in this vicinity are about the same altitude.

Then, too, there was no "sand beach" at the base of either of these points. The nearest approach to anything of its kind was the little strip of rocky beach at the foot of San Juan, where at present a landing might be made, though even at low tide and in a calm sea a small boat would be in great danger of getting "stove" there. I left the place wondering if this rocky beach could have been a "sand beach" when Dana was there.

The headland indicated as "San Juan Capistrano Point," on the "Capistrano quadrangle" of the United States Geological Survey's topographic sheets, is apparently the one which is now locally called "San Juan Point." It juts out into the ocean in a southwesterly line. In returning to the road—which I had followed from Laguna—I skirted the edge of the bluff, which runs nearly due eastward from the point, and noticed that within a short distance it suddenly "makes in"—as the sailors say—almost due north. From the field near the edge of this north-and-south bluff I noticed a little cove, formed by another turn of the coast line to the eastward. Here was a narrow, crescent-shaped sand beach, corre-



Capistrano Point.

the headland of Capistrano, jutting boldly out into the ocean, about nine miles south of Laguna. For four days that storied spot beckoned to me. Then I heeded the summons, and at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, 1914, I slung my camera and binoculars over my shoulder and "hit the trail" for the scene of Dana's picturesque adventure. It was typical Southern California weather (I cannot believe that there is any more beautiful anywhere) and I was eager for a tramp; for it happens that I am one of those hopelessly old-fashioned persons who insist upon preferring legs to any other means of locomotion.

The road which I followed was good enough for any rational kind of travel. It wound along near, and generally within full sight of the ocean of which it commands many superb views, with fine sweeps of the picturesque coast, for here the land lies from fifty to one hundred or more feet above the sea level.

It may interest those who have never had the opportunity to compare the two oceans to know that there seem to be certain well defined differences between the appearance of the Atlantic and the Pacific. At any rate, these differences seemed very real to me when I compared the Pacific here with the Atlantic where I am most familiar with its appearance—that is along the Maine coast, and in the vicinity of New York City. As I see the Atlantic off those shores (and I have crossed it twice, besides) its color is essentially blue, with a dark-greenish cast in certain lights. The Pacific, on the other hand, seemed prevaillingly light green in its hue, this color becoming lighter and shading into an almost pure gray in the distance, so that the horizon line was apt to be quite dim, whereas the Atlantic's horizon line is usually sharply defined by the darker surface of the water. I may add that I re-

*Illustrations from photographs by the author.



Sand beach at Dana Cove. The arrow shows where the hides were thrown.

play of color, and light and shade on the warm browns and grays of their deeply-furrowed slopes is often very beautiful. For about half the way from Laguna to Capistrano these hills approach quite near the coast; but thereafter they retreat, leaving many great fields extending out to the very edge of the bluffs, which often are sheer descents to the water's edge. Most of this land, I believe, is included in the great Santa Margarita ranch of more than 200,000 acres, and the chief crop in this neighborhood is lima beans, of which there are vast fields, and where I saw harvesting operations proceeding on a scale which I had not imagined even demanded by this humble plant.

Excepting a brief pause at the cottage of an acquaintance, who gave me precious directions for reaching my destination, and occasional digressions out to the edge of the bluffs for peeps at the bold and rugged coast line, I trudged steadily along the road, with the neutral but friendly landscape on one side and the great gray ocean on the

cove, or bight, which gave us at high tide a few square feet of sand beach between the sea and the bottom of the hill. This was the only landing place. Directly before us rose the perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet. How we were to get the hides down or the goods up upon the table-land on which the mission [of San Juan Capistrano] was situated, was more than we could tell. What a sight, thought I, this must be in a southeaster! The rocks were as large as those of Nahant or Newport, but, to my eye, more grand and broken. But there was a grandeur in everything around which gave a solemnity to the scene, a silence and solitariness which affected every part. Not a human being but ourselves for miles, and no sound heard but the pulsations of the great Pacific; and the great, steep hill rising like a wall and cutting us off from all the world but the "world of waters!"

Having thus reached this celebrated place, naturally I was anxious to identify, as accurately as possible, the spot from

sponding generally to the one which Dana had described as the landing-place of the small boat from his vessel, though apparently somewhat wider. The abutting cliffs, however, I should say, rise not more than 150 or 200 feet above the water's edge. The eastern half of this beach, and the bluffs stretching away to the eastward, quite strongly resembled portions of the Palisades along the west bank of the Hudson River.

Of course, I felt richly rewarded for the comparatively slight effort which had brought me this interesting experience, and I shall always count that day on the Pacific Coast as one of the most memorable and inspiring of my outdoor life. Yet, probably I should never have been able to resolve my uncertainty as to the precious location of the spot which I had set out to find but for the information which I have received from Richard Henry Dana of Cambridge, Mass., a son of the author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

Soon after my return to my home in New York City I made bold to write to Mr.

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under the steering-wheel of his car and was off.

In town he found the florist's shop still open. He left an order for flowers to be delivered daily to Mrs. Westbar, with the direction: "No more pink snapdragons. Something different each day. Tomorrow, one of these white azaleas; next day, hyacinths. Always the new and unexpected."

Ten days later he was re-established at Colhedra, and Col. Thorwald had heartily indorsed him as a prospective brother-in-law.

"Some fancied neglect of duty may cause her to feel that she must remain true to Westbar, who was an invalid and much older than Barbara." The end of the colonel's talk remained vividly with Gerard. "Get her out of the notion, captain, and I'm everlastingly in your debt."

In his quarters on the edge of the canal he resumed his work, but counted the days since he left Arbortown, and the days which must elapse before he could return to continue his suit.

He was at his desk when the first letter arrived from Rebecca Blucher, written in her angular hand which brought before him that lady's straight, black figure, and the dried huskiness of her voice.

"I guess that greenhouse man will be running out of flowers pretty quick," she began, without preamble. "Yesterday it was violets, and today a bunch of sweet-brier came mixed with laurel. I'm not saying that they don't interest her, but she got a new urn as quick as she was able to go into that room again, and she goes and stands by it, if the flowers come extra pretty or sweet-smelling. So I say that man wouldn't need to be stocking his greenhouse with new kinds of plants against a will like that—but, of course, you're a man and can do as you please."

Gerard laughed over the letter. He read

his own meaning into the discouraging lines and hugged his hope. Further, he would assist the greenhouse man with an offering of his own. A half-day's ride back from Colhedra, on a marshy lake, grew a certain marvelous lily. He would bring some at once and send them north on the evening mail.

With a box to carry them in, he untied his horse from its post in front of the building and struck across the plain toward the forest.

It occurred to him afterward that he might have telephoned the colonel, or told Mason, his assistant, of his plans. But at that time he thought only of getting the lilies so that they might be sent that night.

On a previous occasion he had made the trip in half a day, but this time he was less fortunate. It was the third day after he had ridden so surely into the forest that he walked out of it on his return, and stood overlooking the great plain of the canal.

He had found fruit and nuts to eat. He had been able to protect himself with a fire at night. Physically, he was no worse for his adventure. But he had no lilies, and no search had been made for him. He had been found absent, and his absence had created no stir.

As he paused before beginning the descent to headquarters, he was reflecting rather bitterly on the outcome of his expedition, but one glance across the plain banished such considerations. The dreaded, always-to-be-feared thing had again happened. A slide was in the cut.

His experienced eye estimated the damage. His quarters were gone. He realized why no searching parties had been sent out for him. They believed him dead under the fresh earth of the canal. To the west nothing remained of the upper masonry of the locks. The colonel's headquarters alone was left of the buildings which had occupied the prado.

Gerard hurried across the half-mile of lowering ground and entered Col. Thorwald's office. He had expected to be hailed as one raised from the dead, but his entrance created little surprise.

"Your horse came home yesterday with the box of flowers tied to the saddle," explained the colonel; "then we knew you weren't in the slide. What happened?"

"The forest growth was almost impassable," Gerard explained.

"Unusual spring rains."

"Probably the cause. Anyway, it was dark before I had the lilies packed. The next morning, when I was ready to start back, the horse was gone. There had been growls in the night, but I had built up the fire and gone back to sleep."

"A prowler gave him a fright. He got back last night." Col. Thorwald motioned Gerard into the private office, and sat down opposite him. "I needed the men in the cut, and I knew you were woodsman enough to take care of yourself," he continued. "I forwarded the flowers to Arbortown."

Gerard thanked him, while the colonel selected a paper from among those on his desk.

"I received this telegram," he said, "after the northern papers had reported the slide, with your name among the missing."

With quickened pulse, Gerard took the yellow blank extended to him and read: "Was Capt. Gerard lost in slide? Reply immediately."

He glanced at his chief, inquiringly. Col. Thorwald sat twirling his pencil in his long, brown fingers. His white mustache twitched with a curl of his lip.

"I knew you weren't in the cut," he drawled. "Perhaps you'll say I was wrong, but I've learned down here in this slippery hole of a country to fight fire with fire. I confirmed the report."

Gerard sprang forward. "You mean—"

Thorwald produced a square envelope

from his pocket. "This came a few minutes ago. Read it, and then do as you think best."

The letter was from Rebecca Blucher. It discussed the fact of Gerard's death, and closed by saying: "It's plain now she loved him. She keeps his flowers in that sacred remembrance urn of hers, and has started men to building the sun-room he wanted her to have. She has forgot all the past except what he's in. Some women never know when they're well off until it's too late."

Gerard slapped the paper onto the desk. "If you will let me off, colonel, I will start north tonight."

"Go ahead," said the other. "The affair is for you to work out."

At Arbortown Gerard found Barbara in a half-finished sun-parlor, and there was no hint of the past in her greeting. "Fate could not be so cruel as to take you," she cried, with cleansing tears through which he saw shining the bright sun of their future.

Up to the Dog.

[Tit Bits:] Private Jones was summoned to appear before his captain.

"Jones," said the officer, frowning darkly, "this gentleman complains that you have killed his dog."

"A dastardly trick," interrupted the owner of the dog, "to kill a defenseless animal that would harm no one!"

"Not much defenseless about him," chimed in the private, heatedly. "He bit pretty freely into my leg, so I ran my bayonet into him."

"Nonsense!" answered the owner angrily. "He was a docile creature. Why did you not defend yourself with the butt of your rifle?"

"Why didn't he bite me with his tail?" asked Private Jones, with spirit.

The Daily Married Life of Helen and Warren.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"OH, I HOPE we can get a table outside," wished Helen, as they went up the graveled, geranium-bordered walk at the Sea Crest Hotel.

"Looks pretty crowded," Warren paused to scan the long dining veranda.

Light gowns, fluttering fans and wilted waiters attested to the heat. A military band, in white uniforms, clashed an accelerated air.

"Plenty of seats inside, sir," persuaded the head waiter.

"What can you give us out here?" demanded Warren.

"Nothing just now. If you care to wait—"

"Oh, look; those people are leaving over there by the railing," interrupted Helen, eagerly.

As the departing couple rose, hastily they edged their way through and took triumphant possession of the table.

"Dear, this is wonderful," turning from the soiled dishes, Helen rested her elbow on the railing and gazed out at the smoldering sunset.

The heat mist, shrouding the horizon, dimmed the fiery ball, already slipping into the sea.

"Yes, we're in luck to get this. Look at 'em coming."

A stream of people were turning in from the boardwalk. Pausing on the steps, they would glance over the veranda, then reluctantly follow the head waiter into the glaringly-lit dining-room.

The sun now almost submerged, a couple of bell boys ran out to haul down the flag that fluttered from a tall staff on the lawn. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and everyone rose.

Helen felt a thrill of patriotism as she watched this military ceremony, and gazed out across the ocean, beyond which so many countries were devastated by war. The peaceful crowd about her seemed suddenly very carefree and prosperous.

"Here, clear this table and take my order!"

Warren's sharp complaint grated harshly. It was enough just to sit there and rest, without struggling for service, which she knew from the crowd would be slow.

"This isn't my table, sir. I'll send your waiter."

Frowningly Warren pushed back the soiled dishes and threw over them a corner

of the coffee-stained cloth, rescued a match-safe from the clutter, and lit a cigar.

"Is that a large steamer?" She was gazing at the dark speck that headed a trailing length of smoke against the skyline.

But Warren was watching an over-stout woman in an absurdly tight gown, her fat hands crowded with diamonds, and lumpy pearls embellishing her ears.

"Jove, I'd hate to buy food for the females around here," he said, his caustic glance wandering on to another robust lady, her pink corpulence bulging her thin white waist.

"You'd hardly think she'd need furs," mused Helen, noticing the white fox scarf about her bulky shoulders.

"Bout time to let 'em know we're here," belligerently, his impatience again flaring up. "Hold on; you the waiter for this table?"

"No, sir; I'll send him to you."

Here a perspiring waiter, his shirtfront bristling with checks, dashed up, cleared the table and flung on a damply-fresh cloth.

"Where's the roasts?" Warren was scowling at the faintly-mimeographed dinner card. "No roasts, no vegetables—nothing but soup and cold meat? What the Sam Hill does this mean?"

"Oh, here's a notice," Helen read the note at the bottom of the card.

"The new management begs to announce that this is but a temporary menu. Within the next few days it will be sufficiently augmented to afford complete service."

"Huh," growled Warren, "we're in for it, all right." Then scanning the soups, "St. Germain—those peas canned or fresh?"

"Canned, sir," admitted the waiter.

"Consomme, then," curtly. "Cold roast beef and a bottle of bass."

"Chicken salad and a claret lemonade," contributed Helen. Then, as the waiter disappeared, "Dear, that's not so bad; it's too hot to eat much, anyway. But you wouldn't think they'd change management in the middle of the season."

"Oh, these summer hotels are always changing hands. Expensive plants to keep up—and not much doing except Saturday and Sunday."

"There's a lighthouse." She was glancing out at the misty horizon, from which flashed a faint revolving light.

The dusk had deepened and the arc lights on the lawn lit up the benches filled with

the boardwalk crowd that had wandered in to listen to the music.

"Geo whiz, it's hot here! Not a breath of air. Bet it's 10 degrees cooler in town," wiping inside his collar. "Boneheads to come down here and put up with this crowd, heat and rotten service. Darned sight more comfortable home."

Another ten minutes and Warren, glaring around for their waiter, was on the verge of an explosive outbreak, when the proprietor approached their table.

"Are you getting served? Your order been taken?"

"It's been taken," emphasized Warren, ungraciously.

"Hurry along this gentleman's order," snapping his finger at a passing omnibus. Then, to Warren: "We're a little short-handed tonight. Just took over the place yesterday. Put in a whole new crew—this's our first meal."

"Only since yesterday?" somewhat mollified. "Then you haven't had much time to get running."

"Not with the way they left things. You ought've seen the kitchen. We had seven men scrubbing all night—every pot and pan scoured by morning. We've put in one of the best chefs in the country. What you get here—you'll get clean."

"I suppose some of the hotel kitchens are fearfully dirty," shuddered Helen.

"Well, I know a few restaurants—smart ones, too, where you wouldn't have much appetite if you saw the kitchens. But this new inspection law is going to change all that."

"I hear they're after 'em pretty hard," observed Warren. "Got to clean up or close up. Give inspection cards, 'don't they?"

"Yes; they've three ratings—good, fair and bad. In any restaurant now you can ask to see their rate card before you give your order. They've got to show it." Then, as their tray-laden waiter approached with a bow, he passed on.

"Oh, I think that's a wonderful law," enthused Helen, who never ate at a restaurant without wiping off the plates and silver, dubious as to their cleanliness.

"Health department's having one of its periodical spasms. Soon die down, and things'll be as dirty as ever," shrugged Warren, pessimistically. "Let's have that salt-cellar—can't get anything out of this."

"It's the dampness," poking her fork prong through the perforated top. Then, musingly, "But surely the really good places and the big hotels are fairly clean."

"Wouldn't bank on it! Management may be all right, but they've got a lot of ignorant foreign help. Here, did that fool waiter go off without giving us any butter?"

"Dear, if they only started in yesterday—I think they're doing well to serve this crowd at all."

"That's all right; but I'd like a napkin, some butter, mustard and that bottle of bass. If they're not fixed to serve properly—shouldn't open till they are."

"Anything I can get you, sir?" It was the head waiter this time.

Warren repeated his wants, and the head waiter himself supplied them.

"We're not up to the mark this evening, sir," apologetically. "We didn't expect such a crowd."

"Yes, they've been coming in pretty thick," admitted Warren.

"We'll have twenty more waiters on tomorrow night. Monday we start our shore dinner—going to make that a specialty."

"How about the price?" cutting into a thick slice of roast beef.

"Only a dollar and a half, sir. We'll serve a dinner you can't touch anywhere for less than two. And we're going to keep our a la carte bill moderate. Mr. Wilkins aims to make the prices as low as he can serve good food," pausing to refill their glasses as he was called away.

"Drumming up custom," commented Warren, with a disapproving sniff at the blackened mustard jar. "They'll not be so keen when they get going."

A little later the proprietor, again hurrying by, stopped to inquire if they were being well served.

"Dear, they're really very solicitous."

"Well, I'd rather have a little better service and not so much solicitude," grunted Warren, unimpressed.

"But we must come out and have the shore dinner after they get started," persisted Helen, susceptible to the flattering attention they had received.

"Huh, they're hustling now to make good. They're new and want to get the crowd. But wait till they get 'em coming! They'll slam out grade Z food and soak you the limit. Moderate prices!" with a snort. "That song'll last about two weeks."

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Dana, giving him an account of what I had found at San Juan, and inclosing some of the photographs I had taken there. His most courteous replies to my questions have placed before me facts which confirm my suspicion that the hides were not thrown from the cliffs of San Juan Point, but probably from the edge of the bluff overlooking the crescent-shaped beach. He has been so kind as to send me a tracing of a sketch map made by his cousin, a civil engineer, who, Mr. Dana writes, "went to the spot, took some photographs, and examined the situation carefully." This map shows San Juan Point and "Dana's Bay"—or Dana Cove, as it is now officially designated—with a sand beach which I take to be the very one shown in my photograph. Mr. Dana agrees with me in this, and has marked on my photographs the point of the beach where he thinks the hides landed.

As to the height of the cliff, Mr. Dana writes: "My father speaks of the cliff being 400 feet high. According to actual measurements, I believe it is nearer 350, but there were no accurate surveys or measurements, and my father had no instruments, and probably gave the height as he was told. It may be that he was referring to the highest possible point on any part of the cliffs, though I should think that he was referring to the point from which the hides were thrown. The bluff, or cove, is a fairly good-sized one and really some protection against everything except south-east winds. The strip of sand at high tide, of which he speaks, has apparently increased in width, which is very likely caused by attrition from the foot of the bluffs." Doubtless Mr. Dana is right about this widening of the beach, and, also, very probably, the abruptness of the bluff has been considerably modified by erosion since his father was there, seventy-nine years ago.

Having now before us a picture of the scene of the incident, it will be interesting to read again the author's vivid description of it. It will be remembered that Dana was one of the boat's crew which took ashore the ship's agent, who was to arrange with the people at the mission settlement for the exchange of hides for goods from the ship's cargo. When the agent returned:

"We pulled aboard and found the long-boat hoisted out, and nearly laden with goods; and, after dinner, we all went on shore in the quarter-boat with the long-boat in tow. As we drew in we descried an ox-cart and a couple of men standing directly on the brow of the hill, and, having landed, the captain took his way around the hill, ordering me and one other to follow him. We followed, picking out our way, and jumping and scrambling up, walking over briars and prickly pears, until we came to the top. Here the country stretched out for miles, so far as the eye could reach, on a level, table surface, and the only habitation in sight was the small white mission of San Juan Capistrano, with a few Indian huts about it, standing in a small hollow about a mile from where we were. Reaching the brow of the hill, where the cart stood, we found several piles of hides, and Indians sitting round them. One or two other carts were coming slowly on from the mission, and the captain told us to begin to throw the hides down. This, then, was the way they were to be got down—thrown down, one at a time, a distance of 400 feet! This was doing business on a grand scale.

"Down this height we pitched the hides, throwing them as far out into the air as we could, and as they were all large, stiff and doubled like the cover of a book, the wind took them, and they swayed and eddied about, plunging and rising in the air like a kite when it has broken its string. As it was now low tide, there was no danger of their falling into the water; and as fast as they came to the ground, the men below picked them up, and, taking them on their heads, walked off with them to the boat. It was really a picturesque sight—the great height, the scaling of the hides, and the continual walking to and fro of the men, who looked like mites on the beach. This was the romance of hide-drouthing.

"Some of the hides lodged in cavities under the bank and out of sight, being directly under us, but by pitching other hides in the same direction we succeeded in dislodging them. Had they remained there, the captain said he would have sent on board for a couple of pairs of long halyards, and got someone to go down for them. It was said that one of the crew of an English brig went down in the same way, a few years before. We looked down and thought it would not be a welcome task,

especially for a few paltry hides; but no one knows what he will do until he is called upon, for six months afterward I descended the same place by a pair of top-gallant-studding-sail halyards to save half a dozen hides which had lodged there." In concluding his description of this feat, Dana wrote: "I got down in safety, pretty well covered with dirt, and for my pains was told 'What a d—d fool you were to risk your life for half a dozen hides.'"

In point of fact, probably no one can determine the precise spot from which the hides were thrown over the cliff. As far as I am aware there is no record of the performance more definite than is that which is supplied by Dana's narrative, and this does not contain details which would make possible the exact identification of the place. It becomes evident, however, from the facts which are in his son's possession, from a careful reading of his book, and from such an examination of the surroundings as I have made, that the hides were not pitched from the edge of San Juan Point, present-day impressions to the contrary notwithstanding; and that the spot from which they were thrown was some distance east of the point, and opposite the beach of Dana Cove.

For the sake of accuracy, and because of the inherent interest of the subject, it has seemed to me worth while to set forth the facts concerning this matter. I think no similarly definite record of them has ever been given general publicity. It would have been more romantic, of course, if the hides had been hurled from the top of the conspicuous and picturesque San Juan Point. But perhaps, after all, it is better to be right than merely romantic.

A Parable.

Once upon a time there was a man who possessed a cloak which he wore constantly, day and night. At last the cloak began to look worn and old, and became faded and frayed. But to those who loved the man the once-beautiful cloak was as dear and good to look upon as ever, and to the man himself it was precious, for he had always had it. He did not know how to live without it.

One day it was known that the man had received a call to a far country, and in due time he laid aside the cloak and went away. He was done with the garment, for he did not need it any longer, but those who loved the man loved the cloak, faded and worn as it was.

When the man had gone they took his cloak and laid it among sweet flowers in a costly casket, bent over it with tears of sorrow, and at last laid it out of sight in the earth.

Now, it would seem as though their thoughts would have been of the man whose cloak it was, the man to whom the call had come to fare forth upon a long and wonderful journey. But it was the cloak that received their care and attention, though they knew that it was slowly falling into dust down in the dark earth. They went often to the place and laid white flowers upon the spot, and the woman who had loved the man when he had worn the cloak clad herself in black garments and denied herself the common joys and gaieties of life. Her dark robes cast a shadow upon young lives which were made to bask in sunshine, but the woman did not see, or, seeing, did not heed.

One morning while in her garden, walking sadly to and fro and sighing over the roses the man had planted and tended, she saw, clinging to a rose-arbor, an empty cocoon, played with by the breeze, a silent, useless thing.

The woman paused and looked at it. Just then a butterfly, with wings still damp, poised upon a rose to dry itself in the sun. Little by little its wings lifted and spread, and its beauty of form and coloring brought a look of pleased surprise into the woman's eyes. Silently she watched the lovely thing rise and soar, drifting from one blossom to another, keenly, wonderfully, beautifully alive.

The empty cocoon still swung, useless and dead, against the rose-arbor, but the butterfly, neither knowing nor caring what had become of it, was alive and a-wing in the glad sunshine.

When the children came home from school they looked at the woman with startled eyes, for the mourning garments were gone and a soft, white gown had taken their place. The light in the woman's eyes

was a beautiful thing to see and the smile upon her lips brought answering smiles to the lips of the children. They ran to her and she held them close against her glad white raiment.

When they questioned her, she led them to the rose-arbor and showed them the dull and useless thing still swaying in the wind. Then she told them of the radiant butterfly. In the children's hearts there was a restored happiness, a new hold upon the joy and sunshine of life, and in the woman's heart there was a strange sweet sense of perfect peace.

HARRIET CROCKER LEROY.
1215 Haynes Avenue, San Diego, Cal.

A Malodorous Dainty.

As a rule things that are good to eat possess an appetizing smell; but there is one remarkable exception—the durian, a fruit native to the East.

The durian has an odor that can be compared only to a mixture of old cheese and onions, flavored with turpentine; but those who eat it love it so dearly that the smell does not bother them. The naturalist Wallace says that to "eat durlans is a new sensation, worth a voyage to the East to experience." Over three centuries ago, Linschoten, the Dutch voyager, declared that it surpasses in flavor "all the other fruits of the world."

The durian weighs about five pounds, nearly one-third of which is edible pulp, and about one-sixth of which is edible seeds; the sugar contents is over 12 per cent., and it contains the same amount of starch besides. The tree is magnificent and stately, and grows usually in open country, in the edges of forests, round native villages and in clearings.

It can hardly be called a cultivated tree; at least, it is hardly ever grown in orchards, although, on the other hand, it could hardly hold its own in the real wild. Throughout Malaysia it is considered the most delicious fruit. Europeans, of course, and Americans, too, generally revolt at the unpleasant odor; a fair proportion of the foreign residents soon grow to relish the durian. Although it would not be wise, perhaps, for one unaccustomed to the fruit to eat a large quantity of the pulp at one sitting, there is apparently no substance in it that would cause indigestion or any other result than a rather unpleasant breath for a few hours after eating.

The chemical body, which is responsible for the very pronounced odor, is probably one of the sulphur compounds with some base perhaps similar to that of butyric acid.

Harvesting the durian is not unattended with danger, for soon after it becomes mature the heavy fruit falls, and occasionally injures the unlucky individual who happens to be underneath.

The Philippine Coast Line.

Deep-sea sailors used to laugh at their brother mariners of the coastwise trade, and refer to them as men who "like to go to sea when they could get home to dinner." This gibe would have little point in the Philippines, the coast line of which has been found to measure more than 11,000 miles—to be exact, 11,511 statute miles. In the Philippines there is one mile of coast to every ten miles of area, the total area of the islands being 115,026 square statute miles.

These figures are interesting when it is considered that the ratio in the United States is 232 square miles of area to one mile of coast line. The figures for the United States have reference to the coast line of the main part of the country, including islands lying near the coast, but not including noncontiguous territory such as Alaska and Porto Rico. The coast line of the United States so measured, with what the experts call "three-mile steps," is 13,026 miles, less than 2000 miles in excess of the coast line of our eastern possessions.

No Word for Love.

It is impossible to "kick" a man in French. You must give him a "blow with the foot." The Portuguese do not "wink" at one; they "close and open the eyes."

In the languages of many semi-civilized tribes there is no word with which to convey the idea of "stealing," perhaps because the idea of property is so vague. It is related of one of the early missionaries that, in attempting to translate the Bible into Algonquin, he could find no word to express "love," and was compelled to invent one.

Strange Sport.

CURIOUS METHODS OF THE CHINESE IN FISHING AND HUNTING.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Foreign sportsmen in China have always observed with curious interest the maneuvers of native fishermen and hunters. When, for instance, the Chinese gather a harvest of mussels and winkles, they go about it in an extraordinary manner. In the first place, the fishermen are dressed like hunters, in flowing costume, consisting of a cowskin coat and stockings all in one piece, with the hair turned inside.

The only openings in the garment, into which the wearers have worked their way feet foremost, are at the neck and cuffs, which are securely tied before the men enter the water. The fishermen wade in up to their necks. As soon as their feet come in contact with any of the shellfish, which seem to lie in beds, the men loosen them as well as they can from the muddy bottom of the creek, and then bring up the catch in a grasp net.

Another novel form of fishing is a common sight in China. Two small boats move parallel with each other, about thirty feet apart. A line about sixty feet long, to which small, unbaited hooks are attached about four inches apart, is fastened at each end to a stick, and these sticks are held by a man in each boat. As the boats move slowly along, first one man and then the other gives his stick a jerk. As soon as the hooks strike anything the line is gradually hauled in, and almost invariably with success. It is said that fish are "struck" four times out of five, and many of the specimens are from half a pound to two or more pounds. China is the only country in the world where fish are caught with unbaited hooks.

An American sportsman tells of an incident he witnessed at the well-known Shaba, or lower barrier, of Nadoo Creek, in North China. A native shooter had his ginsal with him—a most uncanny-looking weapon. That there might be no question as to its length, it was placed upright alongside the American. It exceeded his height by two feet two inches, making the piece of ordnance over eight feet in length. Sportsmen in this country sometimes complain of the weight of their guns—six and one-half to seven and one-half pounds. So it is astonishing to behold a Chinese hunter carrying a twenty-four pound gun all day long.

This particular native was accompanied by a small, odd-looking animal, which, the foreigner was assured, was a dog. Observation of the hunter and the dog at work made a deep impression upon the stranger.

A hen pheasant happened to drop into a furrowed field at feeding time. The native took her bearings, crept up as closely as he safely could, put down his gun on a bit of higher ground, and kept it trained on the bird. Meantime the dog lay down across the barrel of his gun, thus serving as a screen for his master. When the proper moment had arrived the man fired, the bird was killed upon the ground, and the dog remained on the barrel until the master took up the gun to reload.

The Cultivation of Cloves.

Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth.

A clove tree begins to bear at the age of 10 years, and continues until it reaches the age of 75 years. There are two crops a year, one in June and another in December.

The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high; with large, oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the ends of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red.

Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich, dark color that proclaims them ready for shipment.

In this country, as well as in England, cloves are used almost wholly as condiment, but in France they are employed largely in the manufacture of certain liquors; and to some extent they are used in medicine on account of their tonic properties.

direction: "No more pink snapdragons, marooned, with the Colhedra, on a marshy lake, grew a certain trans created little surprise. "Your horse came yesterday at one o'clock from the dead, but his en- trance created little surprise. He had expected to be haled best." It discussed the fact of Gerard's death, and the letter was from Rebecca Blucher. closed by saying: "It's plain now she in town he found the florist's shop still open. He left an order for flowers to be of his own. A half-day's ride back from the greenhouse man with an offering and hugged his hope. Further, he would Gerard hurried across the half-mile of lower ground and entered Col. Thor- from his pocket. "This came a few minutes under the steering-wheel of his car and was his own meaning into the discouraging lines

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A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR BRINGS A MESSAGE.

His Gift. By May C. Ringwalt.

NOW that the first shock of his wife's death was over, the first acute grief became the dull ache of habit, the thing that hurt most was the thought of the little he had been able to do for Annie while she was alive.

For Joe Benson, gentle-mannered, sweet-tempered to the heart's core, honest as a summer day is long, was one of that numberless band of average men who hew the world's wood and carry the world's water most faithfully and painstakingly; but he entirely lacked the power of initiative that springs and snatches opportunity—the combativeness that forces a way through the crowd of obstacles besetting business life to ultimate success.

So all the eighteen years since their marriage, although they had "managed somehow," it had been a constant struggle to make both ends meet.

At least he had shared. If every cent had to count, he had walked to save car fare, and carried a cold lunch from home instead of going to a restaurant. Since they could not afford a servant, he had always got up early in the morning to light the fire and bring in the day's supply of coal and wood. When Buddy had a night attack of croup, or Alicia earache, he had never failed to take his turn in ministering to the little sufferer's needs.

Yet, now when he sat alone brooding over it in the desolate evenings, with Rob at night school, and Lucie, with a woman's cares upon her girl-shoulders, putting the younger children to bed, it seemed to him that the heaviest part of the burden had always fallen upon Annie; that whenever there was any real sacrifice it had been Annie who did without.

It was hard enough that she should die so soon—barely 43—but harder still that he could not have made her life happier while she was here—have taken her to the theater now and then, sent her away summers for a rest and a change, given her the pretty clothes that mean so much to a woman.

And how Annie would have loved to entertain! With a stab of pain he remembered what pleasure she took in the simple birthday parties for the children. He had always meant to surprise her with some special celebration on her own birthday. But when the time came the family exchequer never failed to be in a depleted condition, and he had to put it off until the next year. And now there would not be any next year. Annie was gone.

Even at the end he had not been able to give her anything, not so much as a word of love to light her way as she went out into the darkness; for, as though anxious to save the worry and expense of a last illness, she had slipped away quietly in her sleep.

A quick, sharp ring of the door-bell rasped upon his nerves. Another call of condolence! People meant well, but how he shrank from the ordeal.

With a deep-drawn sigh, Benson rose and went to answer the summons.

"I just ran in to give you these," a common but kindly voice greeted him, as he opened the door to a hatless woman with a buxom figure and a very florid, double-chinned face, "for Annie," added the common voice in a softened tone.

Mr. Benson took the bunch of fragrant, beautiful clusters of lilac held out to him, a puzzled, bewildered look upon his face.

"Tomorrow, bein' Sunday, I calculated you'd be goin' out to the cemetery," she explained, "and I wanted she should have the first pickin'." For days, she went on, with eager pride, "I've been waitin' an' watchin' them bushes in our back yard a-buddin' an' gettin' ready to bloom. Lilacs was her favorite flower, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered the husband. "It was kind of you to bring them, Mrs. Cummins. Won't you come in and sit down?"

She hesitated; then, just as he was hoping she would plead Saturday was too busy a night, she entered the small patch of hall and turned toward the living-room door.

"I've been wantin' to talk to you ever since Annie's death," she said, gently, "but I didn't like to be intrudin' on you at a time when I knew you'd rather be left to yourself."

And, as Benson drew up a chair for her, his surprise at her delicacy of feeling brought to mind his resentment at having this ordinary woman for next-door neighbor, and Annie's loyal persistence that there was nothing common about Eliza Cummins's soul.

"My wife thought very highly of you, Mrs. Cummins," he said, kindly.

"And I thought a lot of her, Mr. Benson," she answered in a moved voice. "She was one of the rare kind of women whom it's a privilege to know. Sweet and delicate and dainty, like the lilacs she was so fond of—lilacs that only bloom a little while once in the whole year. We were both too busy to see much of each other, and yet it seems like I miss her every minute of the day. But I didn't come here to talk about my feelin's, but to bring you a message from Annie."

Only Joe Benson's habit of kindness restrained him from an irritated retort. At any time he had small patience with spiritualism, with the cheapness of table rappings and so-called communications with the dead. And in connection with his Annie it seemed a desecration.

"I can guess what other people have been tellin' you," continued the next-door neighbor, taking an entirely different tack from what he had anticipated. "for I went through it all myself when J. B. Cummins died. They've been talkin' about your loss bein' her gain. Been makin' you feel, whether they put it into words or not, that considerin' the hard-workin' life she led, her few pleasures, and the worries she had constantly on her mind, that death was a sort of relief. Now, you can take it as though it came straight from Annie—if she'd had a mite of choice in the matter, she'd have gone on livin'. Not from any sense of duty,

either, but because you made her so happy she couldn't bear bein' separated."

"Do you really think so?" he asked, wistfully.

She nodded and smiled.

"I'm sure of it. From what I've heard her say, and from my own feelin's about J. B. Cummins. Why, Annie and me, was never together ten minutes at a time that it wasn't 'Joe this' and 'Joe that.' I suppose I'm a sentimental goose," she'd say, again and again, 'but he's such an old dear. Husbands of some of my married girl friends,' she'd go on, smilin' the loveliest sort of a smile, 'have given their wives a lot more things, maybe—big, beautiful houses and servants, and automobiles, and the like—but Joe is always givin' me himself, and in a woman's life, it's that what counts.'"

"She said that?" asked Joe Benson, his face shining.

"Yes, and meant it, too," answered the next-door neighbor, with conviction. "I think Annie talked more free with me than with most, because she knew I'd understand. I don't want to intrude personal history on you, 'Mr. Benson," she added, apologetically, "but when J. B. and me was a young married couple we had a mighty hard struggle. One winter I remember in partic'lar, when the child'en was sickly and J. B. out of work, and I forced to take in washin'. Yet, believe me, Mr. Benson, if I could have J. B. back, I'd give up my nice home and my new red plush parlor furniture, and the three clubs I belong to, and everything, without so much as turnin' a hair a-hesitatin'."

She paused to wipe away a tear, slowly coursing down one of the florid, fat cheeks.

"So you can take it as a message straight from Annie, Mr. Benson," she repeated, earnestly, as she rose to go, "that in a woman's life, it's not things that count for her real, genu-ine happiness, but the man givin' himself to his wife in little every-day, lovin' kindnesses."

With the Assistance of the Landslide.

BY GERTRUDE OVERGAARD.

GERARD walked the length of Barbara Westbar's stiffly-furnished parlor and back again before he halted in front of her and announced, "I must start back tomorrow."

Barbara, who was removing her motor coat, dropped her arms and the coat fell to the floor. "Tomorrow?"

"Thursday is the first. The colonel has extended my leave twice. I must go."

Rebecca Blucher, the faithful companion of Barbara's widowhood, gathered up the motor things and carried them out.

"Thursday—is the first." Barbara seated herself on one of the stiff chairs, and was suddenly as abstracted as she had been impulsive. "No doubt my brother needs you."

Gerald had learned to respect her periods of abstraction with silence, but this was his last night. He pulled a chair forward, without taking his eyes from hers. "The colonel has been a trump to let me stay as long as this. He worries about you being here alone. Barbara, may I come back soon?"

"Why not?" She avoided his eyes. "You have given us a delightful visit."

"It has been more than that to me." He forced her to look at him. "Let me come back to you in the fall."

"No—no!" Barbara pulled away. "I can't marry. I mustn't! Don't speak of it."

Gerard followed her to the center-table and leaned on it while he pleaded. "Barbara, you are—lonesome. I can't bear to leave you. This room, everything here, is depressing." He threw out his hand to include the flowered carpet, the marble mantel, the prisms chandelier, unchanged for a decade. "Let me take you south with me—now. Think of the colonel, of yourself—of me! And life on the isthmus isn't so bad. In five years Colhedra will be a city. The canal brings the world to us. Come with me, Barbara."

She turned the plain band of her wedding ring. So complete was her abstraction that Gerard doubted whether she heard him.

Her white arms showed through a net of lace; her cheeks were soft; her hair shone. Never was she more alluring than in her moments of isolation, which so completely shut him out.

"I can't change," she said, when he had aroused her by a second appeal to marry him and leave the somber house of her widowhood. "This place and its furniture are my past. I belong to them."

"Belong to a lot of old-fashioned junk," cried Gerard, indignation conquering caution. "You belong to sun, air, light, as truly as a bird belongs in a treestop. What are these sun-parlors I see on the newer houses? You need one of those. I'll build you one, Barbara."

He renewed his plea, but could not win her to the responsiveness of the hours they had spent motoring over the picturesque hills surrounding Arbortown.

"If I disregard the claims of my past, I should hate myself," she said, finally. "I dare not forget." She lifted his hand to her lips, but when he sprang to possess her she ran from the room, dropping the heavy curtains behind her.

Gerard threw himself forward to follow, but felt his arm clutched sharply.

"I was in the next room, and couldn't help hearing." Rebecca Blucher's severe face relaxed only to harden again. "You might as well know that it won't do any good to oppose her. I found that out when I first came here four years ago, the month after her husband died. I've argued for getting rid of this old furniture, for having the house painted, and I've tried to get her to go out among folks and cheer herself up, but it has been no use. You won't change her, Capt. Gerard. She's too set."

Rebecca placed herself carefully on a gilt chair. "I thought first she was going to give up to you," she continued, "but the last two or three nights"—she jerked a thumb in the direction of the curtains and lowered her voice—"she's been staying in there aft-

er you'd go, and carrying on as bad as ever."

Gerard smoothed with his flat palm a certain unreliable lock of his hair. The situation was not one which he would have chosen, but his interest in Barbara compelled him to continue it. He took the chair opposite.

"Carrying on," he repeated. "In what particular way do you mean?"

"Everybody might not call it that." She tucked her handkerchief into the black belt of her dress. "But I do. When a woman gets so set on being true to her husband that she broods over all that's left of him, I call it carrying on. Other folks has had husbands and lost them." Rebecca's near-sighted eyes blinked, consciously. After a flourish of her black-bordered handkerchief, she leaned forward, mysteriously. "I'll bet she's in that room now, just as I told you."

Gerard leaned back with narrowed eyes. "So that's it?"

"That's it, and no wonder you're shocked. So was I at first. So was she herself, for that matter, when she came downstairs the day after the funeral and found the urn there on the shelf. She wouldn't go near it, or even into the room for quite a while afterward, but being alone in her black clothes got her to thinking that all there is left for her is the remembrance of their life together. 'Paying her debt to the past,' she calls it."

"Can't you get her out into the air—have her see people? Anything would be better than such brooding."

"No, I can't. When you came I had given up trying to do anything with her. She's got into the habit of standing in front of that mantel with the urn in her hands, while she gazed into the fire. I was surprised that she went out in that car with you. She was just carried out of herself by some-thing she wasn't expecting."

Gerard walked the length of the past-year breathing room, his hand deep in the pocket

of his white coat, his untanned forehead clouded by a frown. Rebecca moved toward the door, beckoning him.

Mechanically he followed her black figure to the end of the hall where she stood in the shadow of another curtain. Beyond it he would see Barbara.

He lifted the velour and peered into the semidarkness confronting him. At the movement of the curtain, a string of tiny beads which ornamented it tinkled.

Hearing the sound, Barbara sprang to return to the mantel the urn she was holding. Gerard watched her, unable to move, although Rebecca pulled his coat insistently.

In her haste to return the urn to its place, Barbara struck it against the marble mantel and its broken fragments fell through her fingers into the grate. She stooped, screaming, to save them, but they sank into the ashes and blue flames shot over them.

In that moment Gerard sprang forward, but too late to save her. With a moan, Barbara had fainted. A weird, little ghost, she lay with outspread, appealing hands extended to the whitening embers.

"It will be best for her not to see me." The danger was past and Gerard was leaving, certain that his presence, then, would only injure his final chance with the woman he loved.

Rebecca had followed him to the drive and stood folding the paper on which he had scribbled his address.

"The whole thing's a pity, Capt. Gerard," she pronounced. "Principally, because I know you don't mean to give her up. But you might as well. If you were as dead as he is you might stand a chance of her loving you, but as long as you're alive—"

She shook her head. "I'll write—yes—but it won't be of any use."

Gerard shook hands. "At least, I know you won't work against me," he said. "For you're right—I won't give up." He slid

Recent Notable Cartoons.



BETTY HARKINS OF THE GUM TREE RANCH.

Little John and the Gossips. By Perne Hunter.

"**B**IG BETTY HARKINS," unwontedly agitated, watched the departure of her visitor with but half attention, calling a second good-by and an invitation to come again almost automatically.

By marriageable men of the valley Betty was called a "widow by preference," but she did not know this. She was too devoted to her children and to lifting her mortgage, and too certain in her belief that she "was as big as an ox and as homely as a mud fence," to see "signs" in any would-be suitor.

She treated all men as fellow ranchers, quite independent of sex, never dreaming that the soul that looked out of her kind, honest face made people forget her size, tan, and rough clothes.

Today her serene poise had been broken. Anger, scorn—partly of herself for being disturbed by a silly tale—shame that her actions could have been misconstrued, and disgust for those who so misconstrued her—these emotions were rarely seen in her, least of all by her son, "Little John," who was helping the guest into her buggy.

The name was a misnomer, for he was nearly as tall as his mother, though not fourteen; and his length of limb and spreading hand presaged a manhood that would reach the Harkins standard. "No Harkins less than six feet two except they're women," the boy's father had boasted when Betty was a bride.

"What's up, ma?" John asked, halted on his way to the field by the look in her face.

"Did Mrs. Parker say anything to you?"

"Only to tell me how I'm growing and how I looked like pa, like they always do." Betty was still so long that he added emphatically, "Don't you worry, ma."

"Do you know what she came for?"

With sudden difference he began to shape holes in the sand with the toe of his rough boot. "I thought it was kinder queer, her driving nine miles this time of day when it's a hundred in the shade. Must be pushing business that couldn't keep till evening."

"It was."

The sharp tone startled him. "Ma, you're better'n all of 'em. Don't you listen to tales of meddlers."

"Sally Parker's no meddler, but my best friend. She thought I ought to know."

"Know what?"

"The folks were—were—" She could not bring herself to voice what she had heard.

He looked up quickly, and Betty saw stronger than ever the likeness to his father. "I know—they're talking about you and Steve Bowen; I licked a feller for that the other day."

"Johnny!" Her eyes filled.

John could not remember her in tears. "Ma! Ma, don't! You're just hunkey!" Half timidly he put his arms across her shoulders.

Crying was a luxury Betty despised, and she dabbed impatiently at her eyes. "Johnny boy, it's good to know that I have a man to defend me; but be sure you fight because you think I'm right, and not because I'm your mother."

"I'll fight on both them counts."

"Then you—approve what I—what we do for Steve Bowen and V'let?"

"Sure! What else can we do? V'let's got no ma."

"And Steve can't sell his ranch—not now; land's dead on the market till the new ditch goes through." Betty's worried eyes roved orchard and field, but the vision they saw was of a little child crying for her mother.

"You go ahead, ma; you're all right," the boy encouraged, yet wheeled suddenly, shouting harshly, "Gosh dang you, Bawley! Get out of that!"

In spite of her story, Betty smiled as John ran, calling out more opprobrious epithets to a mild-mannered old horse ambling harmlessly about the barnyard. She understood.

Memories came of the upstanding, energetic lover of her youth. Proudly she gazed at the great house she had labored so hard to keep white and shining, recalling the scoffs of the neighbors.

"What do you want of a high-posted palace like that on a San Joaquin Valley ranch?" they had asked. And John Harkins had answered: "There's nothing small about Betty or me. I want rooms I can

stretch in, and ceilings that will let me breathe; and room in our house for all the youngsters that have a mind to come."

"There always shall be room," Betty whispered.

She reached out her hand to the velvety gray trunk of the big eucalyptus that shaded her, remembering the day it was planted. "Only one gum tree, Betty," John had said. "When my black toule-top is gray I want this tree to point the way and say to all, 'the latchstring to John's and Betty's door always hangs out.'" No other gum tree could be seen for miles.

But John's hair never whitened. In a moment an accident cut short his life, leaving Betty a double duty in the world.

At length childish voices roused her, and she hastened around the house to the wide, vine-bordered canal that gave life to her ranch and bread to her family.

Three little girls played there on a rustic bridge, floating their paper boats on the current below. The oldest was a small copy of Betty; and she and her sister, barefooted and brown, were obviously contented children of the soil.

But the small slender girl with pale face and questioning eyes did not need the daintier frock and manners to proclaim her different parentage.

"How'dy, Violet! Having a good time?" Betty called, as she went toward them.

"Yes, Mrs. Harkins. I'm seeing Sally Jane and Dory Ann sail boats." The child was peering into the eddying stream, and did not look up.

"She won't sail her own boats. She just gives 'em to Dory Ann when I make 'em for her." There was a tinge of impatience in Sally Jane's voice.

"I'd rather watch them, and 'magine where they're going, and make up stories about them," the little visitor defended.

Betty patted her gently. "Sally Jane, see that she moves when the sun catches the bridge. Dory Ann, suppose you run into the buttry and get some of those apricots for V'let. Have a good time, honey." She leaned over the child, lifting the little chin.

"I'll soon go over with your pa's dinner." She turped in at the kitchen door, and it was noon when she appeared again, blowing a long blast of the rosy conch shell, a relic of her early southern home.

"Sally Jane, you dish up and settle the coffee. Put things on the table fast as you get 'em ready; it's too hot for 'em to cool to hurt. You, Dory Ann, run and wash. Your face is a sight. Look at V'let, how clean she's kept."

"But she don't have a good time at all, ma."

Betty sighed. She, too, believed that V'let missed joy because she was neat and quiet; but Violet lived in a world of her own that neither Betty nor her daughters divined.

"Come on with mamma, Bet." Taking up a white-covered basket and spreading an umbrella, Betty led the child across field and orchard to the weather-beaten house Stephen Bowen called home.

Only three small rooms; but they spoke a different home from any Betty had known. A dusty piano, a violin that was not dusty, books everywhere, and a half-finished picture on an easel, with brushes lying where they had been left by the hand that had used them more than a year before. There were strange bits of Old World life, with that weird individuality that proclaimed them "found on the spot," not bought of some home dealer to create fictitious "atmosphere."

Usually these roused in Betty a certain awe of respect, making her feel that her service of tidying and bringing "a bit of dinner" was a privilege. For a few minutes each day she reveled in foreign lands, breathed a scented and different air, thought strange thoughts.

But today she smashed about the place with a stern-faced vigor that startled the little girl, who gazed wide-eyed as Betty caught up things she usually handled with respectful gentleness and slammed them fiercely to place.

"Set your pa's chair and lay his knife and fork, V'let. You'll have to learn to be his little help-girl as fast as you can."

The child obeyed silently, though not afraid. She recognized some crisis, and

sought her refuge, the hearth, desolate with ashes of fires long dead.

Over this was a picture that gave life to the room—a haunting face with love of life in the lips but an other-world look in the eyes. Long into these the little girl gazed, not heeding the sudden stillness of the room, till Betty's arms were around her.

"Lord love my little honey! Don't grieve so. It will make your ma grieve, too."

Violet turned a stricken face. "Will it—does she know?"

"I think so."

"Then I mustn't. Father and I must both stop being sorry. Over at your house it's easy; but here—I can't."

Betty drew her closer, kissing her soft hair. "I know, honey; I know. I hear your pa. Run out, like a good girl; I want to speak to him."

He entered, a slender man with an elegance of form and movement totally out of place in overalls. His hands, brown and rough, still looked more fit for brush or pen than for plow and spade. There were shadows in his eyes, and aloofness; yet his manner to Betty held a courtly deference that gratified her.

"It's pleasant to find you here, Mrs. Harkins. Usually we have the gift without the giver."

"Well, from this on both will have to stop."

She was strangely unquiet, this big neighbor, who had been first friend and adviser, then nurse, banker, comforter.

He stood beside her, his hat in his hand, his head slightly bowed. "Yes, it's time. Two families to care for are too much, even for you who are so strong. But—we shall miss you—sorely, Violet and I."

"It's not that—it isn't hard."

"Has anything happened? You are disturbed."

She turned and busied herself about the stove. "Steve Bowen, they're talking about us."

He started, lifted his head, and a new light came into his eye. "Talking about us? Preposterous!"

"Sure. But it's so; and they'll keep on talking as long as you and I live side by side."

"What scoundrel is it? I'll settle—"

"It's a woman that told me—a good friend of mine. And you can't stop gossip by whipping one, for it runs by the hundred tongues."

Silence followed. The man was shocked by her words, and Betty waited.

"Fools!" he burst out finally.

"Yes; but calling them so, doesn't cure 'em. There's only one thing to do, and—"

"And that's mine to do. I'll—"

Wait, Steve. I know these people, and you don't. When you came here with your sick wife, people talked about you because you were different. Country folks have no use for anybody that isn't a slave to the ground. And now—

"That's no reason."

Betty was thrilled strangely by this impatience, this unsuspected fire in him. But she interrupted hastily. "It's reason with folks here, and you and I have to reckon with it. John Harkins was respected by the whole of this county. He left me that good name and three children to bear it. You've a daughter, too; and—the road's clear before us."

"I don't quite—see it," he said, going nearer.

"You must sell back your ranch to me."

"But I don't want to leave it." He glanced at the portrait and quickly back at her.

"And you can't afford to buy now."

Betty turned to him a resolute face. "I've kept the Harkins credit good, and I can raise the money. But I know it's asking a good deal."

"Nothing is too much to do for you, who have done so much—"

"Think it over till evening, and let me know. Your dinner is spoiling."

For an instant their eyes met, when Betty looked away; and a dull red rose to cheek and brow, the red of anger, while she twisted her apron string till the stout selvage broke.

"Lord! Big and ugly as I am, how could anyone—"

She caught up her basket and strode through the door, leaving her sentence un-

finished. He went to call her, but she was half across the orchard, running.

Stephen did not eat, though he called Violet to the table, and when she had finished sent her back to the large house. Then he took up his violin and played softly, his eyes fixed on the face above the mantel.

It was late when he rose to put away the dinner things. All around the rooms he went, looking over books and pictures, repelling music, touching gently the soft-colored hangings Violet's mother had made. At the home-made desk he sat long, sorting letters and marking some, "For Violet," though he destroyed many. And gradually in his face dawned some strong new purpose.

When he left the house, dressed carefully, a young moon hung over the Coast Range, the evening star in her arms. From the distance came the soft thrum of guitars, and the voices of Betty's Mexican helpers singing a love ditty. The evening breeze caressed his cheek and purled away through the trees like the whisper of a great congregation.

He found Betty on the porch, and ran up to her, two steps at a time. "Betty, I think I won't sell."

"Won't sell?" she repeated, disquieted by his briskness.

"I'd like to keep that quarter-section for Violet if—if you'll be her mother."

Betty stood, her heart pounding, her lips speechless.

"I know I'm offering you a poor bargain, but—I'll do my best."

Slowly Betty understood. "Steve, you mustn't. I'm no sort of woman for you—"

He caught her hand and leaned closer. "Betty, you're too good for me. The things I have and am are not the great things of life; not the things that you have and are. I've only today realized how dear—"

"Oh, ma, V'let wants you and—" John spoke as he rounded the porch corner, but stopped suddenly, and Stephen crossed and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"John, will you let me come into your family?"

"Why—why, ma's got the say about that," the boy stammered.

"But you're the head of the family, the —"

John looked up mischievously. "It's ma, and always will be, I reckon, unless it's V'let. But what ma says goes."

Stephen smiled and held out his hand. John took it with boyish diffidence, turning to look at Betty.

She was standing in the doorway, her arms around the three little girls.

Making Campaign Banners.

The services of twelve men are required to produce one of the big campaign banners.

Two men prepare the strips on which the lettering is done. Two more look after the lettering of these strips, the painting of the names of clubs or associations ordering the banners, the captions for the portraits and the offices for which the nominees are to contend.

Two men work on the centerpieces, generally consisting of an eagle and a shield. One man devotes himself to the special portraits, and the others assemble the various parts, sew the strips together, and give the finishing touches to the banner.

The "portrait man" seems to do any other work than the main portrait. The rest he calls "filling in." By working on the same faces day after day this artist becomes so skillful that he can paint the portrait of a candidate (to use the words of one painter) "in the dark" and do it as true to life as the standard of the campaign banner industry requires.

No Discharge for Her.

[New York Globe:] "Maggie," said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time I will have to discharge you."

"Ye will, will ye? I'll have ye know, mum, that I've been workin' out for two years, an' I've worked for eighty-nine at the best families in town, an' I ain't ever bin discharged yet. I'm favin' this afternoon for a better place."

The Voice in the Jail. By Alice Harriman.

"You looked like a chicken-hearted weakling, Hawkins," he added. "When Chief Two Sticks bawled out that 'you shall be

"What'd we best do, Hawkins?" inquired Sumner Gray, who had heard of the affair.

Hawkins, unused to delving into the oc

"We'll stand by!" cried Sumner Gray and others followed in a body. "I've always

SHE LEADS A HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN

Work of Mrs. Frederic Schoff. By a Special Contributor.

OF THE many women's organizations in existence the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations is one of the most unique, progressive and influential.

At its head is Mrs. Frederic Schoff of Philadelphia, who has literally grown up with it, since she was the first vice-president. Today, after being elected and triennially re-elected its president for fifteen years, she leads a membership that goes beyond a hundred thousand women, scattered throughout thirty-six States, while more than a score of foreign nations have enrolled under its standards and are following its precepts.

This progressive organization started its career of usefulness in 1897, when Mrs. Theodore Birney of Washington, being convinced that, for the childhood of the nation to be conserved, mothers should be organized, sent out a plea to the mothers of the land to meet in the capital city and form a congress of mothers.

A number of mothers did respond, and, under Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst of New York and California, formed the nucleus of the present congress. Mrs. Schoff was first vice-president, and in 1902 succeeded Mrs. Birney in the presidency, which office she has since retained.

Well Officered.

The offices of the Congress of Mothers comprise the leading women in the States, and its advisory council and heads of departments include the names of men who are famous the world over. Col. Theodore Roosevelt has never relaxed his interest nor his co-operation, and he aided Mrs. Schoff most materially in planning and conducting the first international Congress of Child Welfare, held in the White House in 1905.

Some of the other prominent men who serve this body in an official capacity are: Dr. M. V. O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, P. P. Claxton, Rev. Josiah Strong, G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D.; Elmer Ellsworth Brown, William E. Bryan, Ph. D., and Dr. William P. Wilson. Women of such strength as Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett and Lady Aberdeen are also working with the congress.

Annual conventions are held and triennial elections. The next one of the latter will be held in Washington this coming spring. This will make the ninth assemblage of this body to be held in the capital city, including the three great international congresses of child welfare. Washington now has a branch of this body with 500 members.

To get the exact plan of the work of this organization, and also its ideals and achievements, the writer sought out Mrs. Schoff, to whose untiring efforts and splendid business ability so much of the growth and success of this organization is due, and found her in her spacious Philadelphia home, which is in reality the working headquarters of this organization, though it maintains a headquarters in Washington solely for the purpose of mailing out its literature.

In her big, cheery office, which occupies the room formerly the nursery of the seven Schoff children, who were the real reason for their mother's vital interest in all matters concerning the welfare of children, Mrs. Schoff was found.

"What is the object of this Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations—what is it doing and what has it done?" the caller asked.

A Broad Field.

"Now, that question is going to take a little time to answer," smiled Mrs. Schoff, "because the aim of the congress is so comprehensive that it includes every problem that affects the welfare of children, and its achievements have extended over a period of nineteen busy years. The work of the congress is purely civic work in its broadest, highest sense, since it is to raise the standards of home life, to develop wiser, better-trained parenthood; to give young people, ignorant of the proper care and training of children, opportunities to learn this, that they may better perform the duties that come with parenthood.

"It also aims to bring into closer relations the home and the school, so that the parent and the teacher may be able to co-



MRS. SCHOFF.

operate intelligently in the education of the child. It plans to surround the childhood of the whole world with that loving, wise care in the impressionable years of life that will develop good citizens instead of law-breakers and criminals. It aims to carry the mother love and mother thought into all that concerns or touches childhood in the home, school, church and state.

"The great effort of the congress is being expended in trying to interest men and women to co-operate in this work for purer, truer homes, in the belief that to accomplish the best work men and women must work together. It is also endeavoring to secure such legislation as will insure that the children of tender years may not be tried in ordinary courts, but that each town shall establish juvenile courts and special officers whose business it is to look for that care which will rescue instead of confirm the child in ways of evil and wickedness.

"The congress is also working for the effecting of such probationary care in homes instead of institutions. It is working untiringly to rouse the whole community to a sense of its collective duty and responsibility to the blameless, dependent and neglected children, and there is no philanthropy which will so speedily reduce our taxes and the expenses for prisons, reformatories and houses of correction.

"That is a summing-up of the aims and purposes of this organization, each department of which is an able machine with which to work. What are our departments?" She repeated the question in surprise.

The Various Departments.

"Why, there are quite a few, and each one has a most efficient chairman to direct its work: Child hygiene, child labor, education, books for mother, books for children, child welfare circles, child welfare legislation, child welfare magazine, country life, home economics, finance, juvenile court and probation, kindergarten extension, loan papers on child nurture, membership promotion, parents' association in churches, parent-teacher associations, press and publicity.

"Through these splendid departments or divisions we hope to promote universally a better knowledge of child nature and childhood needs, and a clearer understanding of the inefficiency and real injury of some of the measures designed to help children, which will gradually bring about a guidance and a guardianship that will make child-

hood happy and at the same time prepare these children for their duty as adults."

"How do the parent-teacher associations figure in the Congress of Mothers' programme of work?" the caller inquired.

"As our organization started out to help every mother and every child and every person standing in the parental relation to a child, a plan had to be formed whereby they could be reached in groups, as it was not possible to reach them individually. So the congress evolved the idea of putting a parent-teacher organization into every school—to double the work of the school by educating the parents as well as the child. This was a sort of national university for parents on the extension plan, whereby the opportunity is given to parents to better educate themselves for intelligent home-making and child nurture.

"The scheme enables parents to learn what the schools are doing, the method employed and what is expected of the child, so that they may enter into effective co-operation with the teacher and the school. Then, also, this parent-teacher association gives parents the opportunity to study the conditions of their particular community that bear upon the welfare of the children, and it arouses their individual interest and sense of community responsibility toward the care of the young.

Democratic in Character.

"Had you realized that the Congress of Mothers is the most democratic organization in the world?" asked Mrs. Schoff, impressively. "Its democracy is one of its strongest features. Its membership was never drawn on lines of wealth or poverty. Its work is only educational, and education recognizes no money lines; so, you see, crude women are not only welcome but desired and sought. The crude women made us, and we want them with us.

"This work is not for social diversion, but to open the way for the mother or the child of 6 years or older to learn to work with the teacher for the best interest of the child. Any other idea belittles the great purpose behind the whole fabric of our body.

"No friction is ever necessary. If the women abide by the laws of our congress no difficulty can arise. We are not there to run the schools, nor to interfere with the work of either superintendents or teachers, and, as a rule, the attitude of the teachers is one of cordial welcome. Indeed, in many cases, the first steps toward the formation of one of these home and school associations are taken by the teachers. It must always be remembered that our work in every branch and detail is entirely constructive."

"Does this organization include in its membership only women who are mothers of children in school?" Mrs. Schoff was asked.

"By no means! We want the interest and co-operation of every one interested in working to promote the welfare of the childhood of the world, and as the parent-teacher association does not get the mother until the child is 6 years old, nor does it especially appeal to the mother whose children have grown up, two different circles have been created by the congress, which enlist the activity of these women.

"One, designed to fit the needs of mothers with infants and little children under the school age, is called the mothers' circle. Now, the various parent-teacher associations throughout the country have committees whose work is to look up every mother of a baby in their respective communities and send her name and address to the bureau of education, so that she may receive the free bulletins issued by the children's bureau, public health service and Agriculture Department, relative to child care, etc. Already 40,000 women are engaged in this work.

"The other is for the woman with grown children and the childless woman who wants to work for children. This is the child welfare circle. These are all affiliated with the national congress through the State branch of the organization, if there is one; otherwise they may affiliate directly with the national.

Mutual Helpfulness.

"Co-operation is the secret of success, and all groups of women forming them-

selves into any of these three classes of work for child welfare should affiliate with our body through their local State branch, both in order that their weaknesses may be stimulated through this connection with the national, and also that they may obtain official recognition."

The congress has a large score of worthwhile achievements to which it points with pride. One of the greatest of these was the establishment of a department of home education in the bureau of education, which was effected in 1913 as a result of many years of effort on the part of Mrs. Schoff and her earnest helpers.

As there were no funds and no salaries for this division from the government, generous members of the congress donated money to pay the salaries of a secretary to conduct the new office, of which Mrs. Schoff was made director, under the supervision of Dr. P. P. Claxton. September 15, 1914, the home education division of the bureau of education was opened, with Miss Ellen C. Lombard as secretary. There is also a stenographer on salary and these two are the only salaries paid in the entire machinery of this gigantic organization.

Great strides have been made through this new office, which has sent letters out to all the superintendents of schools all over the land, asking for the names of women and organizations interested in working for promotion of child welfare in the home and school. The bureau sends out the literature, prepared for free distribution by the different departments on subjects of value to parents, much of which would remain piled up on the shelves but for the circulation it gets through the work of the different departments of the congress.

"Education," continued Mrs. Schoff, "does not relate merely to schools, but begins with prenatal care and the birth of the child, and continues throughout life for twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year, instead of being, as before, concerned only with a child for five hours daily for ten months. Therefore, the co-operative work of the congress and the bureau of education is bound to bring forth prodigious results in improved children and doubled baby-saving—the congress aims to save 300,000 babies yearly—through improved parenthood."

In connection with this work, reading courses have been prepared and the congress has formulated plans for a department of obstetrics, of which Dr. Mary Sherwood has accepted the chairmanship.

Other great measures fostered by the congress with great success and resultant in unlimited benefit to thousands of children are the juvenile courts and the mothers' pension law. To tell of the former is to tell of the greatest work, from many standpoints, that Mrs. Schoff has wrought during her thirty years of community service.

The First Juvenile Court.

In 1899 Chicago had just established its juvenile court. Judge Harvey D. Hurd had drafted the first bill for a juvenile court in the world. Mrs. Schoff went to Chicago, met him and got the benefit of his ideas and his advice, assembled her people, secured the services of a lawyer and had a bill drafted for a juvenile court in Philadelphia, the second city in the land to have such a court.

Its establishment caused great opposition from the various children's societies, but the church organizations became interested and aided in providing money for the salaries for the probation officers. Mrs. Schoff, with her committee of six women from the congress, six from the New Century Club, and the heads of contributing associations, held weekly meetings to decide what was to be done with the children.

Mrs. Schoff declares that the work of the congress is to continue promoting the juvenile courts until they are under educational guidance, for the very same children who go to the public schools are the ones who commit misdemeanors that bring them to these courts. Philadelphia pays a woman investigator, whose duty it is to get the names of the troublesome children from the board of education. She then visits the child, sees the mother, and gets at the bottom of the trouble. So effective has this arrangement become that the court now sends to her its most difficult cases.

Another great beneficent factor in pro-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

INSULT ADDED TO INJURY TURNS THE TIDE

In Case of Emergency. By Horatio Winslow.

HE reached the drug store at the corner of Main and High just as the tail-lights of the lone car whisked around the curve.

"They run every twenty minutes," volunteered a belated resident of Surfdale, "but I guess you'll miss the 10:10 local to New York."

The young doctor kicked the curb. He felt that he did not care whether he ever got back to New York or anywhere else. "Blight it all!" he snapped under his breath.

He did not blame the girl for discouraging his advances. The tasteful, expensive furniture of the suburban home, the white-capped maid, the revelation that father and mother were out in the new car—all these had been proofs of the social desert that lay between them.

But in all she said or did, she unconsciously indicated another barrier. What bond could unite a woman reared like a hot-house plant with a man who had strangled half of his finer nature in a bare-handed battle for the right to live? How could he hope to appeal to a woman whose adoring parents had brought her to maturity blase and weary of the world?

But the worst of it all was that in spite of everything he still loved—

"You Dr. Steward?" boomed a voice at his elbow. He turned suddenly to see the shirt-sleeved druggist in the doorway. He nodded.

"Well, you're wanted on the 'phone. Party said I might catch you here waiting for a car. It's a hurry-up case."

He walked toward the booth wondering. Except for Miss Lexcraft and her parents, he was unknown in Surfdale. "Hello!"

"Hello, Doc!" The voice had a full-bodied masculine ring. "My name's Caffrey, build-in contractor—see? The hired girl called me and m' wife over next door to the Lexcraft's. Miss Lexcraft's swallowed some kind of dope accidental, and we can't reach either of the Surfdale doctors."

"What has she taken?" The doctor's voice was unnaturally strong to conceal an anxious tremor that was shaking him.

"Some kinda sleepin' medicine, the hired girl says. Big dose. Accident, of course. M' wife—"

The doctor interrupted. "I'll be there in a few minutes, Mr. Caffrey. Now, listen! Can you make coffee? Then go into the kitchen and make some—make it black and strong. Tell your wife to keep Miss Lexcraft awake. Have her rub her to keep the blood circulating. And give her some whites of eggs. Right away!" He slammed up the receiver and put an abrupt question to the druggist. "No? All right, then; give me some ipecac—and hurry!"

Less than sixty seconds later the doctor was dog-trotting down High street and wishing that he had been able to go in for long-distance runs at college instead of janitor work. It was dark, almighty dark, and when here and there the suburban sidewalk tired and quit for fifty feet or so, he had to pick his steps to keep from stumbling. But for all that he reached the Lexcraft's front door ahead of his own schedule.

A tearful, straggly-haired woman, with white cap awry, answered the bell. "Doctor, it was my fault! Please, doctor! I hadn't no business setting it there, and she thought it was her regular nervous medicine. Save her, doctor; please save her, doctor!"

He drew back the hand she clasped in both of hers. "Everything will be all right," he assured her. "You go back to Miss Lexcraft, and I'll be right in. Mr. Caffrey?"

A red-headed giant, sweating ostentatiously, turned from the gas range. "Thank God, you're here, Doc! The wife and I are almost crazy. Coffee's coming fine, though."

"That's good. Keep it hot. Get me a wineglass full of water and peel your eye, Caffrey, for a flash of the real stuff."

On a davenport in the music-room lay Miss Lexcraft. Over her bent the maid and a little wisp of a woman who alternated massage with prayer. The girl's eyes were

closed, but on the white throat he could make out the faint registering of heartbeats. It had seemed frail before; now, more than ever, she suggested a delicate blossom screened from all rough winds. It took an effort to force on himself the realization that he was no longer suitor but physician.

He felt the drooping wrist. "How about the emetic?"

Mrs. Caffrey groaned. "She wouldn't swallow it."

"Never mind; I've brought something stronger. Don't go too hard, but try to wake her a bit."

The woman obeyed.

"Caffrey, it's up to you," he told the giant, as he mixed the powder in the wine-glass. "Keep the wires hot. Get the druggist again. I'll do all I can, but I want you to tell him to call up every doctor within ten miles. Where are her father and mother?"

"Willow Ridge, the hired girl says. I called up the rube hotel there, but nobody's seen 'em yet."

"Try again, and stay with it. Then look around for the box or the bottle this sleeping potion came in."

In the music-room the girl wearily opened her eyes as he lifted her head. "I can't drink it," she wailed. "I can't, I tell you. Let me go to sleep."

The plaintive appeal in her voice cut him, but he set his jaws firmly. "You must drink it." He held the glass stubbornly at her lips till they opened and she had swallowed the bitter mixture. But a little later, when he stalked into the kitchen, his face wore the troubled sign.

"What's the matter, Doc?" asked Caffrey, anxiously. "Ain't everything comin' on all right?"

The doctor leaned on the table. His eyes looked unseeing into the black window. "She's sinking. I've tried all I know, but even the hypodermic's no good. For cases like this a man needs—"

He stopped and went on again. "She's got to help me; she's got to make an effort to save herself. And she won't; she won't even try. . . . Did you get Willow Ridge?"

"Yes; the M. D.'s there in the hotel, ready to make the trip as soon as an auto comes."

Dr. Steward went doggedly back to the other room, to find a fainter pulse and a less visible breathing. Why didn't she do her share? Why didn't she try? As he looked at her, he realized suddenly that there was only one hope. He must put in her the will to live, even if he were forced to deal with her as they dealt with such cases at the hospital. It was his job, whether he wanted it or not, and he must see it through.

He drew a long breath, as a man does when he plunges into icy-cold water; then he slid his left arm under the girl's neck.

"Wake up!" he commanded. "Open your eyes! Open them!"

The lids wavered and parted.

"You must wake up. Do you hear me? Are you going to wake up because I say so?"

A wave of reproach welled over him, but he stood firm until it ebbed and left him cold.

"Come, come, Miss Lexcraft!" he repeated, brutally. "Stop that shamming!"

Slowly, languidly, in a barely audible tone, came the words, "I don't want to wake up."

"Cut out that posing!" he snapped, as with gentle hands he raised her to a sitting posture.

"Let me lie down," she begged; "I want to go to sleep."

"You are going to do what I tell you! You are going to stay awake!" He turned to the maid: "You lift her on one side, and you, Mrs. Caffrey, on the other."

"Please, please!" she whispered, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Chop that ingenuis stuff! Being a damned little hypocrite won't get you anything with me."

As the words he spoke came back to his brain, he winced. What right had he to hurt this fragile creature, who had lived her life in a nest of silk and down? But the plan was succeeding. Her quickened heart action told him that. Mrs. Caffrey's face was a mixture of admiration and reproach.

"Walk her a little—easy. Let her rest on me."

"I want to lie down—lie down," she breathed.

"You want to stand up and live. Keep her going, Mrs. Caffrey." He put his mouth close to the girl's ear. "You simpering, soldiering little dolt—wake up!"

There were the beginnings of a flush on her cheek. If only she had pride enough left to resent his words! The eyes closed. He must try it again.

He had to clench his hands before he could go on.

"Do you know why you took that stuff? It was no accident. You did it because you couldn't get me to marry you. That's why you took it. You tried to kill yourself because I wouldn't look at you, and everybody knows it."

"It's a lie!" For the first time the words came fast, almost in a speaking voice. Mrs. Caffrey and the maid stared at him in silent horror.

"It's the truth. Now, keel over and die, if you want to, but you'll never get me. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman on earth."

"Oh-h-h!" She began to weep softly.

"It—it's not true!"

He walked backward before her, his face six inches from hers, repeating the words, with sneering emphasis. "You poor little half-wit, I wouldn't wipe my feet on you!"

"Coward!" Her voice was a shadow, but the flush of temper in it made his heart jump happily. "Coward!"

"Oh, I am, am I?" He wondered if he would have the courage to follow out his plan to the end. "I know you through and through. You are fairly aching for a chance to tie up with me, but it's no use. I won't have you, I tell you! I won't have you!"

"You—you insulter of women!" He laughed harshly. "Insulter! I'll show you what an insult is."

The time had come. Now or never she must be awakened fully. His hand left his side, only to fall back limply, while he prayed he might be spared this final ordeal. But even as he was watching the eyelids began to flutter once more.

"I'll show you what an insult is," he repeated. He raised his hand and brought the four fingers across her cheek with a resounding slap. That's how we treat your kind—like that—and that!"

The girl sprang toward him in a sudden fury that almost wrenched her free from the two women who were holding her.

"I'll kill you!" she hissed. "I'll kill you!"

"Come on and do it," he taunted.

He stopped to gulp down a lump in his throat. Far up the road sounded the purr of a motor car. As he looked at the girl again, he knew he had won the greater game, though he had lost forever the other. She was going to live.

"Come on," he said, between tightly-pressed teeth, "come on and kill me, you poor little fool!"

It was morning when he opened his eyes. Because he had missed the last train, he had spent the night at the house. He had saved her; she had turned the corner before the coming of her father and mother and the doctor from Willow Ridge. Now, as he dressed himself, he wandered at the meaning of life that had called him into the world only to run his head against a stone wall.

On the stairway Mrs. Lexcraft met him, her eyes brimming with doglike admiration. "You'll talk with her, doctor, before you go? The whole last hour she's been begging for you."

Well, best to have it over. He would apologize and attempt to explain. Perhaps some day she might understand. But as he saw her, half-sitting in bed, her face no redder than the pillow behind it, he knew instinctively that already she understood.

"I had to treat you that way," he said, impulsively, "and say those things—those monstrous lies. Of course, the poisoning was an accident, and, of course—"

"If the other things—he had to step closer to hear her low voice—"If the other things about your not wanting me."

"Not wanting you!" It was the soul of the man that spoke.

"—had been true," she went on, patiently, "then I think I might have tried

to kill myself." She stretched out her arms to him. "But now I want to live."

And, after a time, she said: "You'll tell Mary and Mrs. Caffrey that the things you accused me of last night were lies, won't you?"

The Lord Mayor's "Square Mile."

The powers and duties of the Lord Mayor of London, in presiding over his square mile of territory, present some curious features. Theoretically, at least, the consent of this important personage must be obtained before even the King may enter the City of London; at the same time, it may be pointed out, the Lord Mayor spends a considerable portion of each morning disposing of petty offenders against the majesty of the law in the small area over which he rules. Most of these are plain "drunks." Imagine the Mayor of any American city engaged in the dispensation of such Solomon-like justice.

The "city" in London comprises but one square mile, the greater part whereof is occupied by the great business houses that control finance. For instance, there is the Bank of England. Twenty-eight soldiers are detailed to guard the treasure within, but without it is still further watched, inasmuch as within the square mile mentioned there circulate no fewer than 1800 policemen. After 9 o'clock in the evening the silence of the streets there is broken only by the slow tread of these "bobbies." It would be a bold burglar, indeed, who attempted work in this well-guarded area.

The result of all this is that as downright criminals give the "city" a wide berth, the chief offenders hark before the Lord Mayor in the morning are those who have looked upon the wine when it was red in the cup.

The Lord Mayor's salary is twice that of the Prime Minister. He receives as much pay as does our President. He is the highest salaried magistrate in the world.

It is not to be assumed, however, that, aside from disposing of the morning's "drunks," the Lord Mayor has nothing to do. One such official, who kept a record of his activities during the course of one year, has tabulated for our information such interesting figures in this relation. It appears that he attended 130 public and semi-public dinners, eighty-five balls and receptions, 365 meetings and committees. He delivered 1100 speeches and paid twenty state visits to churches.

When the above-mentioned class of duties militates against his dispensation of justice, a brother alderman takes the Lord Mayor's place on the bench.

My Day.

This day, I said, shall sacred be
To the untrammelled ecstasy
Known to the free.

No gyve to thrall, no bond to bind
The restive body or the mind;
One with the wind!

One with the cloud, the spendrift; one
With the exalted sovereign sun;
Chains, fetters—none!

From grass and reed, from flower and fern,
Sweet secreties for which I yearn
My sense shall learn.

The bee that builds the nectared comb,
With fragrance of the upturned loam,
Wild things that roam.

With these for solace, these for guide,
I shall be sane and satisfied,
Whate'er betide.

My day shall round as from the swirl
Of waters, whorl on primay whorl,
The perfect pearl!

I shall go back through aisles of light,
As doth the truant bird from flight,
To Mother Night.

And, to life's burdens reconciled,
I shall, on sleep's breast undefiled,
Rest like a child.

—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.]

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SHE LEADS A HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN

Los Angeles Times Saturday, August 5, 1916

Illustrated Weekly. (Saturday, August 5, 1916)

NOT WITHOUT WITNESS IN EACH OF US.

The Demon on the Lake. By Perne Hunter.

HARRIET WYMES stood on a small wharf gazing at a shallop dancing over the water that was taking husband and son to business and school. There was no anxiety in her eyes, though it crept in as she glanced at the log cabin at the edge of the forest. Its occupant made no sign and she turned again to scan the great lake that, for more than a year on this small, lonely farm, had been the chief factor in her daytime life.

From the first she had feared it—feared the brooding demon with its cold, unfathomed depths; yet it had for her a fascination that waxed with the passing seasons. She had grown to love it somewhat as a woman loves the husband who bullies her.

This morning it was mirror-smooth. One looked into it, not at it; saw the world and heaven duplicated in a gleaming reality that thrilled, and yet was incorporeal; as if by some enchantment one looked through the crust of the earth, through heat and stress into that glorious inner world American Wymes dreamed of and so passionately declared.

Harriet followed the curving shores, April-clad, that receded in sweeping hills to snowy mountains. Near the water the trees were decked in tender tints, varied, individual, and graceful in form, as children are, the scattered dogwood trees carrying the green symphony almost to white. But she shivered when the vision wandered farther to somber firs massed in choked legions, each similar to the others as are the passing years to the aged.

Soon a reflected ray from the advancing sun struck her eye, roused her to the day's work and she looked again to the cabin. The curtains were drawn proclaiming the tenant awake, ready for breakfast.

Harriet hastened up the hill to the home whose doors opened hospitably but vainly—for no other house was visible on that shore—and entered a kitchen where only her hands hovered, since no other woman would brave the loneliness of those close-encircling trees. Quickly she prepared an invalid's breakfast, and carried it across the parallelogram of tiled ground.

A voice hailed her before she entered. "I hear you!"

Harriet glanced toward the open window, seeing no one, though the voice came from there, and replied gaily yet she hesitated on the threshold, glanced back at the lake, at the door, her eyes full of perplexity. But as she entered only brisk kindness showed in the face she bent upon the man lying on a couch under the window. He greeted her with a bright, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, and a bad morning for you Dr. Waller," she laughed. "I've brought clean linen, you see; and here's last night's paper."

He took it with the eagerness of the newspaper habit.

"Mrs. Carrick is coming today," Harriet went on, "to arrange for cleaning and building here. I can't let her see her cousin in this state." She was busy finding basin and towel and did not notice his silence. When she turned the paper was on the floor, and the small part of his face showing above beard and bandage was white and drawn, though the uncovered eye still smiled.

"What's the matter? Are you worse? I—can't I do something?" She put down the basin and leaned over him, laying her hand lightly on his head.

"Don't!" He winced as if in pain, yet spoke jauntily. "I can't stand petting—not used to it, you see;" but before she could lift her hand he caught it in a close grasp. "Thank you for being so good to me," he whispered, his eye saying more than his words.

"Nonsense! I've done no more than any woman would do under the circumstances," she said brusquely, withdrawing her hand. "Eat your breakfast before it is cold. You'll feel better then." She pushed a low table near the couch, set the tray on it, and moved across the room, putting it in order.

He drew the sheet closer and watched her at work.

Something pitiful, appealing in him enlisted Harriet's sympathy. In spite of bandage and pallor he looked vigorous and young; her own son was but a few years younger; yet to Harriet, whose life had been almost cloistered, he seemed incredibly old, informed, experienced.

"Do you always silt?" he asked whimsically.

"Silt a minute, won't you? I can eat later. If Mrs.—my cousin comes today this is the last time I shall see you alone."

Harriet did not follow his suggestion, but stood behind a high-backed chair, leaning lightly. Mrs. Carrick will do much more for you than I can. Being your relative she may compel you to reason; may change that bandage whether you will or no." She smiled and frowned together.

"She'll never do the trick as you would," he returned with surprising earnestness. "Hardly one woman in a hundred would have done it—would have stood for a strange man, alone here in these woods, and kept mum about it—that's the wonderful thing."

"Your reason—that you didn't wish the Carricks to be worried—was most natural. Anyone would—"

"Have promised, yes," he broke in; "but as soon as night came she would have looked under the bed and—told the husband. You haven't told, I know—if you had Mr. Wymes would have been here before this."

"If you weren't a doctor I might not have been the hundredth woman. As it is I ought not to be, for you should have cured yourself before this."

"I'd be a fool to hurry out of this good thing," he laughed, though continually more gravely. "But the courage of it! How dare you come here every day to me, a stranger, when such friends as Rooker are at large?"

"You a Rooker!" she laughed incredulously.

He smiled back at her. "I see the posse has tracked him to this side of the lake."

"Yes, poor fellow!" Her eyes were sorrowful.

"Poor fellow? Have you a tear for that murderer? Why he must hang."

"Yes, I suppose so," Harriet sighed. "We avenge a private murder with an official one and a ghastly crop follows."

"But what would you do? Is it safe to have 'em loose in the country? Suppose that devil came to your house—you wouldn't protect him, would you?" He looked his disapproval.

Harriet hesitated. "He'd be hungry—ill, perhaps. I wouldn't turn away a sick dog," she temporized.

"Then you'd stand in with a criminal?" He raised his head suddenly. "You, the pure, God-loved woman you are, break the law, defile yourself perhaps by the touch of a murderer?"

Harriet waited a breath before answering. "Where did you get your notions of women and virtue? Defilement comes only from one's own soul. It could not harm me to give a cup of cold water to the worst man living; nor harm me to bind up his wounds. Besides that, how do I know that I, too, might not some time be a criminal?"

"What—what do you mean?" His one eye gleamed challengingly.

"If my child were starving, or my husband in trouble, I might—do many things." She was looking at the rug, absently tracing its pattern with her shoe.

"You wouldn't! I'd as soon think of a pictured Madonna stealing her own gold frame."

She smiled at the conceit but continued seriously. "I might, I might commit a crime without half the reason Rooker had."

"You—excuse him?"

"Think! He was a poor little slum orphan, graduated in boyhood to the life of the mines. Remember how hard he struggled for an education, and to make something of himself; and succeeded at last only to be robbed of his claim and of the good woman he loved. Robbed by a lying fiend—his own friend! No wonder Rooker was wild—killed the wretch. I would have done it, too!" Her voice was tense with emotion.

"You? Impossible! And Rooker's beyond pardon."

"How dare you say that? It isn't true, of him or of anyone. God hath not left Himself without witness in each one of us." She looked off through the south window to where the mountain rose, white and ghostly, high above a cloud banner that hid its base.

At length the man broke the pulsing silence. "But how—how did you know all this about Rooker?"

She breathed deeply, looked at him again, seeming to have returned from afar. "I read the papers with a mother's eye."

"I never knew mine," he said softly, and the lashes of his closed eye were wet.

Harriet looked across the space between them, her face tender, pitying. Neither moved until a light wind flapped the curtain, when she went to the door and swept a hurried glance from shore to shore.

Her step aroused him and he spoke with recovered gaiety. "Nothing to worry over today, the lake-devil is asleep."

"He never sleeps—he only hides. When the lake is fairest he's still plotting mischief—on the watch for my—for those who go out in small boats. If Mr. Wymes would only buy a launch."

"Surely you don't let that Siwash myth trouble you? There are a hundred others as deadly. And you don't believe in the occult?"

The emphasis on the pronoun caused Harriet to turn suddenly. "The Indians say the Spirit of the Lake will take his prey, man for man, till his white victims are as many as the number of Indians our race has destroyed. Our government also says a life for a life; since we still live under the Mosaic law, why smile at the Indian's logic?"

"But you never killed an Indian; why should you suffer? I don't want any God as mean as that; I'd rather go to hell and—"

"Oh, hush! That's blasphemy! God must be kinder than we are, else He wouldn't be God. We don't understand, that's all."

He was about to speak but she bowed her head and left him. Passing through the door she heard him repeat softly, "Not without witness."

Her tension did not break while she hastened to the house, her eyes on the lake. The wind, hardly perceptible, yet stirred the water to restlessness, clouded the blue of it; and a million springing diamonds danced in the path of the sun. Along the opposite city shore activities of the day gave sign; white columns from the mill chimney, cars creeping like ants up the long, steep trestle from the water to the hill-top, little steamers setting out on their journeys about the island or to distant shore-towns.

Harriet saw without heeding this daily scene; entered the house and drove through her work. After this, necessary letters engrossed her; and it was late before she remembered the mid-day meal. When she went with her tray again over the path to the cabin she found it empty.

It was not the first time her invalid had crept out for exercise. Before, as today, he had disappeared in the forest; yet now, fully expecting to see him soon and finding him gone, filled her with dread. Hastily she covered the luncheon, made the room neat again, and stepped out.

In that short moment the world had changed. She hurried across the shelter of her porch, caught up the field glass that hung near, and watched the Sound-born storm come out of the west, and cross the narrow city to the lake.

The sky was dull, the water no longer blue, but gray as the face of a miser. Warmth and cheer suddenly fled. A lingering sigh as of secret anguish stole from the woods, enveloped her like a tangible mantle, chilled her, pressed in upon her heart. She scarcely felt the wind, yet high above her the trees swayed and whipped violently.

In the south the mountain was blotted out. Ragged, vaporous clouds, white against the dark hills, mingled, divided, reunited and raced by. Like recruits to a mob, others grayer, angrier, rushed out of the dim west. The northern boundary of the lake darkened till its purple, distant forests vanished in the murk; where also bits of steamers were swallowed, leaving only their smoke banners trailing back white and weird as fog wreaths over a cemetery.

The water beat the shore viciously. Not a vestige of blue remained. Out in the center great patches were almost black and ominously smooth. Harriet shuddered. These were the places where no plummet ever had touched bottom; the cold deeps where the demon held his victims for "suns and moons," only to cast them up again, so fair and unchanged one would almost believe they breathed.

Incredibly swift it came, the roar, and the swish of light rain. Harriet focused her glass again on the boiling space between

shores and started. A boat with a single rower came into view from out of the wrack and was fighting its way across, coming with the wind.

Terrified, she looked at the clock. Two. It could be neither of her dear ones. Yet so many times had her prescient soul lived through such an hour for her own, that she suffered, too, for whoever loved this boatman.

Now the frail craft rode high and bravely; now it sank from sight—one minute, two—was it an hour? It was gone, dragged down by demon fingers—No! There it came again, rising gallantly. Yet—it must be a stout arm to hold straight in the teeth of the gale, a steady one to steer clear of the fingers of—

But why did he not turn north—or south? Why—it was their own boat—her boy, Harlan!

She cried out, dropped her glass, and flew down the path to the wharf. Yet another was before her, throwing off coat and waistcoat as he ran; was at the wharf, cutting the rowboat from its moorings; was in it, and off, fighting for time against the hurricane and the lashing water.

Harriet was astonished. Who could be this stranger, sprung from the earth. It seemed. Something of him was familiar, and she glanced up at the cabin, but saw only the curtains flapping in the wind. This was no invalid but a shaven young athlete rowing for life.

She hurried again to the vantage of the high porch to watch. There they were, the two boats, prow to prow, gradually closing the space between. With a fresher arm to save, Harlan was surely—. While she looked a twisting wave caught the smaller craft, beat it about like a feather, and in a flash it rode bottom to the skies.

Straight and clean the other boat cut the water. Harriet, breathless, clutched the glass, searching for a swimmer. A second later a head rose, and her heart beat suffocatingly as she saw the rower halt, reach out an arm, grasp—Pitying heaven! He failed! But she could hear his voice faintly above the storm: "Stick it out! I'll get you, sure."

Yet—yet, he did not. It needed four arms to hold a skiff in that whirlpool and pick up a drowning boy.

A second time the head went down.

Blackness blotted out vision and Harriet leaned giddily against the house, yet roused herself; this was no time to faint. But when she could see again the second boat was drifting without an oarsman.

"They're gone!" she moaned, still staring into the churning water, hoping against hope, vaguely conscious of a coming launch. At length the heads appeared, and an arm reaching above the foam. Only one was swimming, advancing, each stroke feeble than the last, yet each one cutting short the distance from the shore.

She snatched a rug from the couch and ran down the hill. The launch was steering for the little wharf, not far behind the swimmers; what could it mean? When it slowed down, as if uncertain of its destination, some intuition increased her fear, added a new terror to her eyes as she turned again to the swimmer.

She could almost speak to him, he was so near; yet he was coming very slowly. She untied the rope he had e from the boat and flung it to him. He caught it and she pulled them in.

"He's alive," the man panted as he dragged the half-conscious boy over the edge of the wharf and laid him on the rug.

"Harlan!" The passion of love in her voice was enough to recall him from death itself. His eyes opened; he choked and gasped her name.

She kissed him in an ecstasy of gratitude and folded the rug over him, yet turned instantly to the man.

"He's safe—God bless you! But you—no, no! Don't come," she cried as he feebly lifted himself from the water. "Get under the wharf—that launch is coming here—here!" she repeated, trying to shield him with her skirt.

He saw the terror in her eyes; in spite of his exhaustion, smiled. All her life she remembered the heavenly sweetness of that smile. "Yes, coming for me," he said softly; "please help me up!"

The scream of the launch-whistle came threateningly. Compelled by his look, with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

Bacon and Eggs.

MARGARET is a 3-year-old, whose parents are fond of bacon and eggs, and Margaret has her share. One day in the country she heard, for the first time, a hen cackle.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "what does the hen say?"

"Well," the mother replied, "I suppose she says she had laid an egg."

Margaret did not seem to understand, and after a moment's profound thought she came back again.

"What does she say, mamma," she inquired, more seriously than before, "what does she say when she lays bacon?"—[Judge.]

An Easy Choice.

BISHOP SANFORD OLMSTED said at a dinner party in Denver:

"The charge that the church is governed by mercenary motives is an insidious one. I think this charge was best answered by the prison chaplain.

"A chaplain was addressing a congregation of prisoners, many of whom had given more than one proof that they were profiting by his visits. But there was a certain rough, brutal-looking fellow who always scoffed and sneered. And today this fellow, when the chaplain greeted him, said:

"No, I don't want to shake hands with you, parson. You only preach for money."

"Very good, my friend; have it so," the chaplain answered. "I preach for money; you steal for money. Let God choose between us."—[Denver Post.]

No Steady Job for Him.

A SOUTHERN man tells of a darky named Theophilus Baxter, known as "the champion banjo player of Alabama."

Wishing to afford a northern friend an example of real darky music, a Mobile woman went to Baxter's house with a view of enlisting his services at a musical function. She found his wife instead.

"Very sorry, missy," said Baxter's spouse, "but Theophilus he ain't playin' de banjo any more. He jest puts in all his time fishin' now."

"What led him to give up his playing?" asked the disappointed caller. "Has he got religion?"

"No, missy, he ain't got religion, but he's done got skeered."

"Scared? Of what?"

"Of dat minstrel show, honey. De boss learns dat my ole man kin play, an' he offers him a stiddy job doin' it. Yassum, an' it skeered Theophilus so bad dat he quit banjo playin' right away."—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Get Ready for 'Mums.

IT WILL soon be time for the planting of chrysanthemums, and it is not too early to get the soil ready. It should be spaded deeply, as far down as the spade or fork will go. It should be pulverized or worked up finely and a heavy quantity of rich stable manure worked in. While the soil should be heavy, the drainage should be good. The greatest measure of success will come from early working of the soil, and it cannot be turned too many times nor too thoroughly mixed.

A Woman's Way.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT said, in a recent argument on preparedness:

"They who would rely on a volunteer militia instead of on a conscript army know as little about preparedness as the lady about tobacco."

"Why," said the lady, "it's all nonsense to say a woman can't buy her husband's cigars. As for me I never have the least difficulty."

"No? What's your system?" she was asked.

"I just take along a sample stump," she said, "and there's never the least trouble about matching the shade."—[Washington Star.]

Resourceful.

A SOUTHERN lady, who has met with financial reverses recently, moved to the country in order to economize. She engaged a little colored boy in the neighborhood to assist her at odd times about the house. Sam was so much pleased with his employment that he was anxious to become a permanent member of the little household.

"Mis' Alice," he began one day, "don't you-all ever git skeered in dis big house, jus' by youself?"

"Why, yes, Sam," the lady admitted; "it is lonely at times. I have thought of having someone about when my husband has to go away."

"Well," ventured Sam again, "I jus' thought you might like to know dat I see a candidate fo' de position ob protector in case yo' should decide to employ some one."

"Why, Sam," asked the lady, laughing, "what could you do to help me if robbers happened to break in some dark night?"

Sam was puzzled for a moment, but suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Well, Mis' Alice," he said, proudly, "dah's one thing I could do in case yo' was visited by unwelcome intruders: I could light de lantern and show you-all which way to run."—[Youth's Companion.]

His Mistake.

ONE bright, sunny morning a small boy was busily spinning his top outside a suburban house.

Along the road came a book canvasser.

"Your mother in?" he asked the small boy, as he opened the garden gate.

"Yes, sir," said the small boy, spinning his top again.

The canvasser knocked and knocked again at the door of the house, but could get no reply. Coming out of the gate he said again to the small boy:

"I thought you said your mother was in?"

"So she is, sir."

"But I've knocked several times and can't get any reply."

"Perhaps not," said the small boy, carefully winding the string around his top. "I don't live there."—[New York Times.]

Not to be Fooled.

TELL me, noo, Jamie, what was the most wonderful thing you saw when at sea?

"I think the strangest thing I saw was the flying fish."

"Noo, laddie, dinna mak' a fule o' yer mither. Who ever heard o' a fish fleein'?"

"Another strange thing I saw when crossing the Red Sea. We dropped anchor, and when we raised it again there was one of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot entangled on it."

"Ay, laddie, I'll believe that. We've scripture for that."—[Tit-Bits.]

Could He?

HE WAS a perfect wonder, was the Parliamentary candidate for a certain agricultural district. And he was never shy of telling the voters why they should return him as their M. P.

"I am a practical farmer," said he, boastfully, at one meeting. "I can plow, reap, milk cows, work a char-cutter, shoe a horse—in fact," he went on, proudly, "I should like you to tell me one thing about a farm which I cannot do."

Then, in the impressive silence, a small voice asked from the back of the crowd:

"Can you lay an egg?"—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Use of Annuals.

IN NEWLY-MADE gardens, while trees, shrubs and fundamental plants are small the space between may well be taken up by annuals. And those may be found to answer every requirement of the landscape, for a range may be had from the lowly Baby-Blue-Eyes, or the Portulacacas, up to towering Cosmos of six or eight feet. Leastwise there is no excuse for leaving the soil bare when a few dimes spent for seeds will make the whole lovely.

Humor from the Trenches.

R. G. KNOWLES, famous English comedian, after delighting London audiences with stories of soldiers told from the stage, was induced to write some of them. The following was the result:

A sergeant, an Irishman, was drilling his raw recruits. Disgusted at their erratic idea of marching in a straight line, he yelled:

"Halt! Now, jest you step forward and come dian, after delighnting London audiences with stories of soldiers told from the stage, was induced to write some of them. The following was the result:

A sergeant, an Irishman, was drilling his raw recruits. Disgusted at their erratic idea of marching in a straight line, he yelled:

"Why should a soldier always be ready to die for his country?"

Pat looked puzzled for a few moments. Then a look of understanding crept over his face, and he said, brightly:

"That's quite roight what ye sez, sor. Why should he?"—[London Answers.]

Where Safety Lies.

"I SEE when a man runs for once he has to put himself in the hands of his friends."

"Yes, my dear."

"If a woman ran would she have to put herself in the hands of her women friends?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, I don't imagine any women will run. Think of taking such chances!"—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

Straight to Headquarters.

ONE evening an angry complainant appeared in Cupples's baw. "Your bull chased me across that field this morning."

"Did he? Well, I'm sorry. Hurt ye much?"

"See here, I've come to tell you that you ought to take that bull out of the field."

"It's my field; likewise my bull."

"I guess you don't know who I am?"

"Well, no, I dunno's I do."

"I am the Mayor of Scarboro, and president of the Scarboro and Taitville Railroad."

"Be ye?" asked Jim, respectfully.

"Well, why didn't ye tell that to the bull?"—[Youth's Companion.]

An Industrious Knitter.

"I NEVER saw a more industrious woman than that Mrs. Crum," the teacher remarked, before the Kentucky mountain boys and girls gathered at the school dinner table. "Why, even when I meet her on the road she pulls her yarn and needles out of her pockets and goes to knitting."

Teacher's manifestation of surprise brought forth a volley of ejaculations from the children, each of whom had mother, aunt or cousin who was equally ardent at wool-working.

"Oh," exclaimed one little fellow, reaching the climax of the discussion, "I had a grandmother who was the knittiest woman I ever knowed. She used to take her knitting to bed with her, and every few minutes she woke up and threw out a pair of socks."—[Harper's Magazine.]

Over-refinement.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the novelist, was talking about a poet:

"His work is over-refined, over-delicate, over-nice," he said.

"In short, his work reminds me of the young husband who said to his bride, at the end of the honeymoon:

"Darling, I'll have to leave you every morning hereafter to go to business; but, to make the parting less abrupt, I'll no longer take the 8:15 express, as I used to do—I'll take the 8:20 slow accommodation."—[Washington Star.]

Now You Know.

"I SEED by the paper," said Mrs. Robinson, "that the Browns have secured a divorce on the ground of incompatibility. What does that mean?"

"Incompatibility," replied the head of the family, "may mean either one of two things. It may mean that the husband's income is so small that he is unable to provide his

wife with the luxuries to which she thinks she is entitled, or it may mean that his income is so great that he is unable to spend it all on one woman."—[New York World.]

An Early Opening.

PAT was brought before the magistrate by Patrolman O'Holleran.

"What is the charge against this man, officer?" asked the magistrate.

"Openin' a saloon at 3 o'clock in the morning, yer honor," replied the cop.

"Where is his saloon?" continued the magistrate.

"He ain't got no saloon, yer honor. It was Casey's saloon he was openin'—with a jimmy."—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Taking Things Easy.

IN THE southern part of Arkansas," says Senator Overman, "where the natives take things easy, a man and his wife were sitting on their porch when a funeral procession passed the house. The man was comfortably seated in a chair that was tilted back against the house, and was whittling a piece of wood. As the procession passed he said:

"I reckon ol' man Williams has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around hyer, Caroline."

"A purty good-sized one, is it, Bud?" queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"Certainly is," Bud answered.

"I surely would like to see it," said the woman. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way."—[Youth's Companion.]

The Nestorian Stone.

The Nestorian stone has attracted much attention from western scholars. One American scientist has pronounced it a forgery, but later investigations seem to have established its authenticity and show that its inscription presents a truthful account of the first Christian mission to China.

This stone was found by workmen in the year 1625. The inscription consists of three columns of Chinese characters, with a few Syriac paragraphs, the latter language being now unknown in China. It is a long exposition of the Christian doctrines of the period.

In China antiquarians have long held the stone in great veneration. The style is brief to a degree, but not easily understood. It has been contended that, were fifty Chinese students versed in the various dialects of the country to be employed in its translation, each would offer a different interpretation of some part of the inscription.

He Is a Circuit Walker.

[Cass County (Mo.) Leader:] S. E. Farmer, Hickory Grove school teacher, was speaking the other day of the visit of the County Superintendent, C. A. Burke, to his school in the latter part of the term. As per his custom, Mr. Burke arrived afoot, walking in rubber boots and carrying his shoes. When he reached the schoolhouse, he donned his shoes and put in the greater part of the afternoon with teacher and pupils. Then his boots once more, and he hoofed it away through the mud. There are 122 schools in Cass county, and during the last year Mr. Burke has visited all of them at least once. He has walked something over 400 miles in accomplishing this feat.

Chinese Women Students in Japan.

[Herald of Asia:] Chinese girl students in Tokio are no longer the curiosity that they were in former years, there being scarcely any girls' school in the metropolis but has among its students young ladies from the only republic in the Far East. Many of these girls are studying for teachers, while others are only anxious to acquire new knowledge and become worthy citizens of their country. There are twenty Chinese women, mostly married, studying at Mme. Yoshioka's Medical School for Women, Kawadacho, Ichigaya. These naturally wish to go into practice when they have completed their studies.

